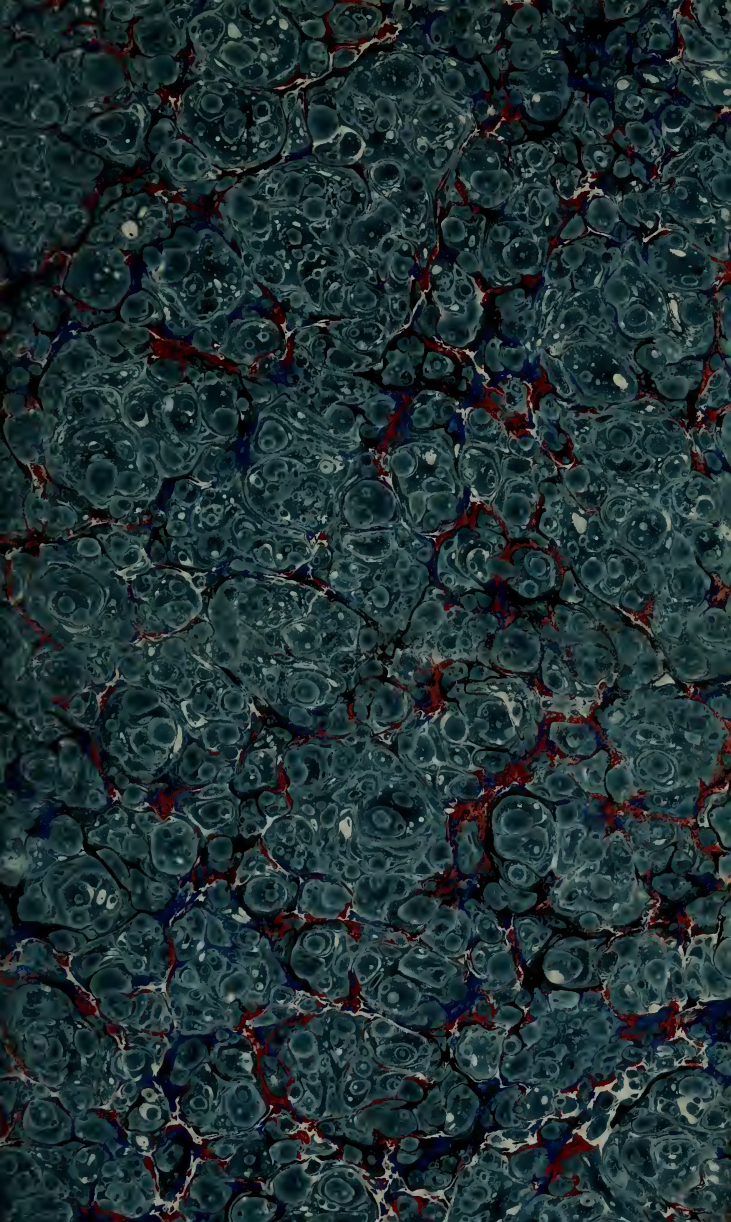



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ISN'T IT ODD?

ISN'T IT ODD?

BY MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



IN THREE VOLUMES.

“——— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat?”—HORACE.

VOL. I.

by G. Macfarren.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,
AVE-MARIA LANE.

MDCCCXXII.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM CLOWES,
Northumberland-Court.

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TO THE READER.

IF, in these Memoirs of Oddities and *Originals* from *nature*, inequalities and apparent oppositions should be noticed, be it recollected that nature contrasts the fertile by the barren; and with the beautiful connects the sublime. Should extravagancies, unusual in general life, appear, it will be but justice to allow exceptions to *general* rule; also that nature, equally with art, fashions many oddities; that an oddity is an *original*, amenable to no precedent; and that to condemn without precedent is to be more arbitrary than equitable.

See for May 23 July 56 M. 554 v. 1

If, in this narrative of *facts*, any feature present itself which may convey a similarity to any which some *novelist* has produced, be it remarked that, as novelists *sometimes* derive from nature, a simple coincidence cannot be censurable in him who professes wholly a transcript of the great original.

If, in the occasional remarks illustrative of my subjects, I shall ever be found to have substituted dullness for gravity, pertness for pleasantry, or scurrility for satire, let it be considered that he who is never dull is sometimes troublesome; that pertness *has* been licensed as vivacity, and scurrility sanctioned as good sense! that to appear always wise argues a deficiency of wit, and to be always witty is to be often unwise.

Whether the biographical facts here recorded will interest and agitate the reader I know not; but this I know, that they interested and

agitated extremely all those concerned ; and that which “ comes home to the business and bosom ” of one, may, I apprehend, go home to the business and bosom of another.

These being the memoirs of many—among whom my father, *Marmaduke Merrywhistle*, Esq., and myself have the honour to be introduced ; I may be expected to say something of the characters noticed ; but in this, my Preface, to remark on the many would be considered judicious by few, and premature, probably, by all. Of *myself* it will be most decorous to say nothing, and of my dear father it would be irreverent to say less—he is gone “ to that bourn whence no traveller returns ; ” but his fame—with those who knew him—remains, to gild the casement of his son’s “ upper story ; ” the *glitter* of which is now reflected on the Reader’s face, diffusing over it (I respectfully trust) a gleam of soft-

ened sunshine, like the smile of good-nature ;
and that it may continue there through the
perusal of the following narrative, nor de-
cline with its close, is the ardent, though
humble, hope of

The Public's most devoted Servant,

MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.

*** A few *Errata* will appear, which the reader's intel-
ligent mind will readily rectify, without the necessity of a
printed reference to them.

ISN'T IT ODD?



CHAPTER I.

ISN'T IT ODD?—*What? Why* the question was put, and to *whom*; and by whom it was interrogatively answered, gentle reader, you shall know anon; but first let me observe that it is one which may frequently, and aptly, be put in the present age, which is so *very odd*, as scarcely, if ever, to have had its fellow. Who can reflect upon the character it assumes, that of an *enlightened* age, and then, advert to our fashions, and not exclaim “*Isn't it odd?*” Who can take up a *newspaper*, and read the disposition of its contents,—exhibiting a species of satirical cross-readings—and not cry,

“ *Isn't it odd ?* ” for instance, “ The *flourishing state of the country* ” tagged by a long “ *List of bankrupts* ”—*Parliamentary squabbles* by “ *Want Places* ”—The *Speech of a Popular* by a *Puff Direct*—An “ *Essay on the fashionable fine Arts*, by an *Essay of the Fancy*—A *New Lottery* by “ *A Hoax !* ”—Lady ——’s *Rout* by “ *Outrages of the Mob* ”—A *liberal critique*, by a notice from an “ *Assurance office*—“ *Political impartiality* ” by *Party Resolutions*; and the Editor’s *opinion* by “ *To be let, or sold,* ” *cum multis aliis*. And really, these cross roads meet sometimes. Who can read of evangelical missions sent *abroad*, and observe but one solitary individual, and that one a *Quakeress*, (Mrs. Fry,) volunteering upon a most important mission, that of “ *opening the eyes of the blind,* ” in prison, at *home*; and not think *Isn't it odd ?* In short, who can see, or hear, half at least that is seen or heard, and not put the same question? Perhaps it may be odd

that I have written, and as odd that you should read—*this* book, I mean—for it would be *very* odd, in so learned and preceptorial an age, could we find any one unable to read; indeed it is as difficult to find a *plebeian* who cannot, as it was formerly to find a *patrician* who could. The critics, to be sure, have said, that notwithstanding every body *writes*, every body does not *read*. Whether they mean the authors or the public, I cannot say. “*Modern authors*,” says Erasmus, “*write nothing but trash*.” “I beg your pardon,” said I,—“*What? you* alive in the time of Erasmus?” Erasmus *Fubbs*, reader, of whom anon. “I beg your pardon, I must advocate some of the moderns in spite of the *schools*; and I never will admit that none but the *ancients* are excellent: and that no literary effort is worthy of perusal which is not written after their modes. The ancients certainly were *clever* in their way; but shall I be told that it was the *same* way in which

some moderns excel, who are pointed out to us as models? Those whose *daring flights* were only equalled by *Dædalus*, who made himself wings, and soared on high. *Icarus* did the same, and by soaring *too* high, discovered that *extremes* are more certainly consequent upon each other than is generally imagined. That some moderns borrow, can be no objection; the ancients did the same, and largely, and are applauded: that others *steal*, and, disguising the object of theft, vouch it for their own, is admissible: the divine Plato made the turpitude of lying and *thieving* to consist, not in the acts themselves, but in the doing them so clumsily as to be found out. Among the moderns we undoubtedly have many *originals*! and —— we have some, with whom taste will ever be happy to associate; and genius proud to acknowledge, and glory in; and he who asserts the contrary, possesses neither discrimination nor taste. Do you ever

steal upon the Lacedemonian plan, young Tyro?—Hold—putting the question may probably produce crime, when confession alone is sought. A catholic ostler went to confession: among other questions put by the priest, (who had confessed many ostlers, and was thoroughly versed in their tricks; and wished to obtain a plenary confession, that plenary absolution might follow,) was this one, “Did you never grease the horses’ teeth to prevent them eating their corn, that you might secure it for yourself?” “No,” answered the confessed. The next time he went, among the crimes he acknowledged was “*Greasing the horses’ teeth*,” “How?” said the priest, “I thought you told me you never did so.” “Never,” said the ostler, “till you put it into my head.”

We will, however, dismiss the subject for one more to our purpose: and return to the *old lady*, who put the query “*Isn’t it odd?*” and the other old lady, who

replied, "*What ?*" "Why," (said the first,) "our good friend is confined at last." "Bless me," was the rejoinder, "married fifteen years and this is her *first*: it is odd indeed! pray is it a boy or a girl?" "A boy, ma'am," was the information, "and I am told the ugliest little creature you ever saw: *as ugly as an ape*, as its own father said." Mrs. *Crack*, the lady who made this charitable assertion, and Mrs. *Crow*, the lady who listened to it, were neighbours and intimates, in a small town, or rather large village, about 150 miles from London; and were the Morning Posts, Daily Advertisers, Evening Chronicles, Sunday Observers, &c. of the place; or in other words, collectors and publishers of all the news of that, and all the surrounding places, within reach of their cognizance, for miles; and, odd as it may appear, they took as much delight in hearing and propagating bad news as good: also in exaggerating the former, and extenuating

the latter ; a common practice with gossips, who are, one and all, the greatest pests of society. Now, Mrs. Crack had exaggerated in this case, for though when I was born—" *you* born—that's odd."—What ? that I should have been born ? it would be much odder that you should read a work written by me, and I not born. " Ho, ho ! then you were the ugly little ape ? " You cannot expect *me* to make such an acknowledgment ; and I have already observed that Mrs. Crack exaggerated. My father certainly said when he first saw me—and my father's veracity was generally to be depended upon, though this specific case *I*, when I heard it, rather thought was an exception to the general rule—My father said, " *What an ugly little monkey !* " Isn't it odd ? but he did say it : and Mrs. Crack, whose veracity was, as Mrs. Crow often said—for very intimate friends will *sometimes* slander each

other; and that 's odd too—Mrs. Crack, whose veracity, I say, on the authority, and in the language of Mrs. Crow, was sometimes *duberous*, perverted it into the assertion that *I was ugly as an ape!* Now had my father used these words, he would have paid himself but an ill compliment, for the nurse had preceded his speech by “*La, sir, he has your eyes, nose and mouth, to a T.*”—And why, of all the letters in the alphabet, *T* should always be selected as a test, I am at a loss to guess. Probably, messieurs, the annotators, and commentators, may hereafter, indulge you and me, reader, and the world at large, with some light thrown upon this important subject: [worthy of as much learned research as *some other* of the many eminent objects which stimulate the industry of this scientific, erudite, and black letter age; but, at present, unfortunately, we must be content to take Nurse *Sheepshanks's*

expression upon its own merits, without any elucidation at all.] “*To a T*,” said nurse : and my father—

“*Grinned horribly a ghastly smile,*”

As he thought you an ugly little monkey !”

No—he certainly smiled : but it was one of those smiles which proceed from good humour, and nothing which proceeds from good humour can be ghastly or horrible : and, it was one of these smiles which give a ready assent to an observation which seems to lay something like “flattering unction to the soul” of the smiler. Yet how to reconcile the idea—pshaw, *notion*—let’s be logical at any rate—that my father could smile a confession that I was like him, and say that *I was an ugly little monkey,*” I am at a loss : for, although it is, and ever was, and, probably, ever will be, customary enough to abuse others, we rarely abuse ourselves ; if we do, it is but a *cunning* humility ; for we are fully aware that no one estimates our veracity

at a higher rate than Mrs. Crack's did in the opinion of her dear friend Mrs. Crow.

My father, therefore, must have meant any thing else rather than what he said ; like most people when they pay compliments. Perhaps, when nurse told him how *like him* I was, his natural modesty, (I inherited it ; indeed it is, as you will find, when we become better acquainted, one of the most prominent features in my character—isn't it odd ?) perhaps, I say his *modesty* occasioned him to utter such an ambiguous assertion—for ambiguous I will prove it.

[You may recollect the fable of *The owl, the owlets, and the eagle* :

An *eagle* and *owl*, had their broods in one tree ;

That *above*, this *below*, watch'd their infantine cares ;

The *owl*, now and then, went the eagle to see,

But too stately the other to visit *down stairs*.

The remark is in point—as these neighbours and friends

Were chatting, the owl said, “ My lady, I pray,

When securing for dinner what prey fortune sends,

Spare my beautiful babes, if they fall in your way.”

“ Dear madam,” the eagle, “ of that be assur’d ;

Your brood, as our friendship, most sacred shall be :
But pray draw their portraits, and thus be secur’d ;

For a sight of them, then, will be safeguard from me.

They ’re like *you*?”—“ Not exactly,” the parent replied ;

“ In my day I’ve been prais’d, now my charms
have declin’d ;

But the rose’s first bloom, & the castle’s fam’d pride,

May be trac’d in the leaves, and the wreck, left behind.

Their eyes they are piercing : their noses divine ;

Their expression bewitching ; their air *degagé* ;”

Said the eagle, “ Dear madam, before I would dine

On such angels, I’d fast, yes, for ever and aye.”

The eagle one evening, was hov’ring about ;

The owl had gone mousing, a meal to prepare ;

The *owlets* by chance, as mamma was gone out,

Stole out of their nest for a mouthful of air.

The eagle espied them, and, giving a scowl,

Said “ What wretches are these which the fates to
me give?

Near our tree too ; but these can’t belong to the owl ;

For indeed they’re a great deal too frightful to live.”

The *eaglets* they supp’d on the *owlets* that night :

The owl return’d home, miss’d her *pets* : full of woe

To the eagle she flew, with the aspect of fright,

To inquire if she ’d seen them : the eagle said *no*.

The owl, looking round, saw one *beautiful* face,
Of a head without body, that lay by the nest :
“ Oh murd’ress,” she cried, “ that ’s a head of our
race :
My cherubs you ’ve slaughter’d, and—where are
the rest ?

Ah, could you, though friendship and oaths were
no tie,
Unmov’d, such sweet, innocent, beauty behold ?
What heart, but of steel, could have doom’d them to die ;
What blood at their fate but, save yours, had ran
cold ?”

“ Dear madam !” the eagle, “ you call’d your’s
divine ;
I thought those young demons, or cats ; so, half-scar’d,
I pounc’d ’em for supper : the fault was not mine :
Had you painted from nature your pangs had been
spar’d.”

Find me the parents who think their
own pets ugly. The fact is, my father
had a knack of calling children, in a
good-natured way, *little monkeys* ; and the
identical way in which he called them
so always conveyed an opposite mean-
ing : therefore *monkey* in this case

meant any thing but monkey : and the *ugly* was put in, I assert—I asseverate—from sheer modesty, because nurse had said I was like him—and like him I was : and he removed the *stigma* of his phrase before he left the room, by kissing me, with “ *bless your sweet face !* ” This my mother told me, and she was like myself, a very scrupulous chronicler of *facts*. Now, as I trust you are satisfied, reader ; and as I am, and always was, (and when was a case more incontrovertibly proved ?) you will join me in reprobating the malevolence of Mrs. Crack : to doubt your acquiescence in this modest intimation, cannot, (from your known candour,) be *odd*.

CHAP. II.

SIR MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE, the great ancestor, or original of our family, (a family which has produced many *originals*,) came in with the conqueror, as all primogenitors of all families who affect to be *any body* did ; for not to descend from the participators in the conquest is to belong to *nobody*, and become a mere *locum tenens* ; and, therefore as nobody cares to make such an acknowledgment, every body's *great* ancestor came in with the conqueror ; some were barons, some knights, some esquires : some one thing, some another, down to the lowest ranks ; yet—*all* came in with the conqueror.

Our great ancestor, Sir Marmaduke

SIR MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



ARMS.—*Argent*—a bar *gules*, between two *whistle-pipes* and a trumpet, *or*.

Merrywhistle—for so is he designated, as he lies at full length, (in a large vellum draft I possess,) with the genealogical tree of our family growing out of his

SIR MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



cuirass ; laden with shields, or apples or turnips, or trenchers, (for they are like either,) with the various degrees and names of our succeeding *ancestors* and

DAME GERTRUDE.



ancestresses inscribed down, or rather *up*, to my father: and of this Sir Marmaduke I shall produce a faithful representation, both in his military and court dress; as

MY GREAT GREAT GRANDFATHER.



well as one of *Dame Gertrude* his lady, in her court dress; which I copied from a curious painting, (it is to *me* too sacred a subject to call a *daub*,) which is

MY GREAT GREAT GRANDMOTHER.



said to have descended, as an heir loom to our family from the days of the persons it represents, in the eleventh century; and is as *indisputably* genuine as

many other such authorities ; though my veneration for veracity will not allow me to conceal that it has been whispered that *somebody*, though, (as usual, *nobody* did it,) imposed these portraits upon the other descendants of Sir Marmaduke in the seventeenth century, as genuine ; and this somebody was thought to be my great great grandfather ; whom, and a cousin of his, (who became his wife,) they were said strongly to resemble ; be that as it may, I here present these *originals* to my readers.

I now produce *effigies* of my afore-said great great grandfather, and his cousin, copied also from the *originals* ; and there certainly appears a *family* likeness at least ; but how far I am thereby justified in preferring the charge of imposition against them, I cannot presume to say : at any rate I gain a point by producing *all* these portraits, viz., they are evidences that our family had a primogeni-

tor : and that I had a great great grandfather : and that he wore a sword. Whether he ever made use of it, or knew how to use it, I have no *fact* upon record, either to prove or disprove, so I must leave the sword in the scabbard ; where, if many others had been left, it had been better for mankind. But there are weapons which wound more fatally than swords—*Shafts of scandal : barbs of malice : stings of revenge, and thorns of ingratitude* : cowards and monsters alone employ them—but never with impunity ; for there are still more terrible ones which they cannot escape ; and what these are, let such ask their consciences.

The aforesaid Sir Marmaduke was said to be a very *dignified* man, (this was the epithet my father always used :) and the family cognomination, or surname, *Merrywhistle* is reported to have originated from a *dignified* faculty, an ancestor of *his* possessed, viz., that of WHISTLING ; which he performed very

much after the manner of a flute : and being of a cheerful disposition, the tunes he whistled were always of a *merry* character ; and hence he obtained the *cognomen* of the *merry whistler* ; but the *final R* was *dropped* by a very proud and more dignified descendant of *his*, who thought the name as it stood might imply that *he* was a *whistler* ; and he considered *whistling* completely *infra dig.*, and calculated to lessen the respect his rank demanded : and thought also, that leaving out a letter when writing his name, was of as little consequence as many other people do, when writing any thing else ; no uncommon thing with high as well as low : and many, when they have once made an innovation of this nature, don't know where to stop, but *leave out* at random—and *also, put in*, letters which have no more intimate connexion with the words which they mean to express, than *some* translations have with their originals. From the days of the aforesaid

ancestor, (who was a *Sir* something, also,) our family name was always written *Merrywhistle*.

I shall not tire my readers with the history of my ancestors all the way down to my immediate one, for two reasons : *firstly*, because the reader might doze sooner than I wish the reader so to do : and *secondly*, because I know as little about them as I shall inform the reader : and *thirdly*, because *this* is to be a biographical notice of *myself*, together with some contemporaneous *oddities* ; of some of whom genuine portraits shall be given, in the proper places ; particularly of myself, to defeat the scandalous insinuations of *Mrs. Crack* ; and the afore-said *heads* will be all *done after life*, in *Wood*, odd enough.

My father and mother had been married fifteen years without issue, when *I* was born—their heir and their pride ; hence you will *naturally* conclude I was a *spoiled* child,—not so, I was often

corrected when I deserved it: and often when I did not deserve it; as most children are; through the unreasonable expectation of their parents, that infants should know right and wrong, propriety and etiquette, by *intuition* instead of *tuition*; hence, in all disputes, or disagreements, or fallings out, between parent and child, the former considers that he or she must, infallibly be right; and the child, as infallibly, wrong: and, perhaps, the child is so nine times in ten; but even that does not prove the parent always right. However *odd* the assertion may appear, my father used to say, "the parent who only tells his child what right and wrong are, failing to corroborate precept by example, if he correct the child for error, punishes the child for the father's fault. *I* was not a spoiled child: I did as I pleased, when what I did pleased my father and mother; and was often obliged to do what pleased

them when it didn't please myself.— That was not odd.

My father, who was a private gentleman of good fortune, had been *well* educated, after the manner in which boys are *well educated* at most schools ; where teaching is a *trade* ; and where he who teaches *most* for the *least* money has, generally, the most *custom*. But, though, as the Irishman in the play says, “ St. Patrick peopled all Scotland with his *own two hands*,” it is impossible for a schoolmaster, though he may *flog* plenty with his “ *own two hands*,” to plant knowledge with them in the *heads* of above a certain number at a time ; *his* own head being out of the question ; for I have sometimes observed, that schoolmasters have not the best *heads* for the business ; they depend upon their *ushers*, who are not *over and above* rewarded for their literary *drudgery* : nor employed in *numbers exactly* tantamount to the under-

taking. Hence teaching becomes a mere mechanical process. A boy goes to school with *so many* shirts, &c., and *so many* books, &c. at school has *so many* meals, *so many* holidays, *so many* floggings, and *so many* tasks; and returns home with *so many* things in his head, crammed in so crudely, that for want of proper arrangement, and proper explanation, he never knows how to educe or apply them.

My father having been *thus* well educated, determined when I arrived at a proper age, to educate *me* himself: that is—after the nurse had stuffed my head full of nursery nonsense; and my mother had, (during that *important* part of childhood in which an infant is entirely under the care of the mother,) sown the seeds of many of the habits that remain with us through life; my father was to take me in hand: to divest my mind of the one, root up some of the other, and plant opinions more

agreeable to his own : superadding such a *quantum* of classical and useful knowledge as his own acquirements enabled him to impart to me.

Other reasons for my father's educating me himself were my mother did not like public schools, nor my father private tutors ; my mother said " her boy would be knocked about ;"—my father said, " then he must knock about in his turn." " They'll often flog him too," said my mother. " He'll often deserve it," said my father—My father was a prophet. " A private tutor will be under my own eye," said my mother. " And have an *eye* to you more than to his pupil," said my father. " We shall both watch his progress," said my mother. " We sha'n't *both* understand it," said my father, looking importantly. " *You* will," said my mother, with a complimentary smile. My father thought if he was capable of understanding my progress, he was capable of assisting it ; and this fixed

his determination to educate me himself; to which my mother consented;—indeed, notwithstanding the number of years they had been married, they rarely disagreed—wasn't that odd?

It may not be amiss, previous to the account of my education, to make my readers a little better acquainted with my father and mother.

My father, as I have before observed, was *well* educated, being the son of a merchant, who left him a good fortune: and my father employed his time as country gentlemen in general do; only that he drank less and read more; he was fond of the Classics, but did not pay the *Ancients* inordinate reverence: for he held it as an opinion that the *Moderns*—that is, some of them—were as good: indeed he had many whimsical notions; and, as he did not depend upon literature for a livelihood, he wrote—and at one time he wrote a great deal—without fear of the critics: for what he wrote he

gave away: those who received his literary presents praised them; sometimes reading them, oftentimes not; and the critics knew nothing about them. Was there a marriage in the place, my father wrote an *epithalamium*: his health was drunk, and the pipes sometimes ignited with his MS. Was there a christening, he furnished the poetical *predictions* of the child's future beauty, sense, and prosperity; was invited to read them, every body listened, and—wondered what they meant: thanked him, yet lamented he should have taken so much trouble,—it was evident, to so little purpose. Every death was recognised by an *Elegy* from him, and the elegy died a *natural* death as well as its subject.

He had read all the old philosophers, and all the new ones; besides forming a whimsical kind of (what he called) *philosophy* of his own; and to make it *more palatable*, he wrote it in *rhyme*, threat-

ened frequently to read it to the club, and one night actually commenced it; though the number of members (notwithstanding his having announced his intention the previous club night) were small; owing, he said, to an influenza going about at the time which attacked the diseased with both a cough and a lethargic affection; which was sufficiently verified by the continual *coughing* of *all* the members there, and the *dozing* of most of them. One branch of his philosophy I shall take the liberty to insert as a curiosity of its kind, and of which he had the hardihood to say, that no Ancient ever wrote any thing like it.

Round goes the world, as sages say ;

Perhaps, when mankind act scurvy

'Tis when they're *reversed* in their *round about* way,

And their brains are all topsey-turvey.

Then GRAVITATION's *laws*, 'tis said,

The world obeys—surprising !

How is't then that blockheads, whose *brains* are *lead*,

Like scum on a pot, keep *rising*.

ATTRACTION's force don't *int'rest* shew?

REPULSION *this* discloses,

When needy people sueing go,

How the rich cock their noses!

Says Francis Moore, "when born, each loon

Sticks by some planet's tether."

Then all people now are born under the moon,

For, faith, they're all mad together.

Witlings with *shooting stars* agree,

Which sparkle, and then *knock under*;

Genius and *Comets* you seldom see,

While both fill the world with wonder.

With *Meteors* modish bards amuse,

In vapour ends their rout, sir;

And *Northern Lights* are some reviews,

Which, like all other lights, go out, sir.

Eclipses govern political routs,

As certain as rocks Bow steeple:

The *Sun* rules the *Ins*, the *Moon* the *Outs*;

And the *Earth* most affects the *People*.

But, whether or no (as said by Bayes,—

Whose judgment can be riper?)

These planets waltz, or "dance the hays,"

The *Earth* always "pays the piper."

Moore says, there are *houses* 'mong the *stars*;

Fate's *light-houses* these, between us;

Rut rather than visit the *House of Mars*,

I'd call at the *House of Venus*.

They've *mountains* in the *moon* they say ;

I don't presume to doubt it—

The *man in the moon* may come down some day,

And we'll ask him all about it.

How he could call this philosophy was astonishing to me, who always considered his hearers the greatest philosophers.

My father was very fond of chess ; and, when he was a bachelor, he was in habits of intimacy with the *Reverend Mr. PULPITHACK*, as he was commonly called, though his real name was *Thriftwell* ; and he obtained his *soubriquet*, as the French call it, or his *nickname*, as we *vulgarly* call it, through having to serve three pulpits every Sunday, with three sermons, and one horse (morning, afternoon, and evening) at a great distance from each other ; for one of those small pittances which are paid to numbers of the inferior clergy ; exclusively of his having to marry, christen, and bury, without cessation, and without the

fees; added to which, he had to teach a number of charity children, *almost* out of charity, and a number of neighbours' children for *almost* nothing; yet he managed, though he had three children of his own, *one daughter* and two sons, (the girl employing her needle and the boys earning something from agriculture) to live decently, and owe nobody anything—ay, and “cast his *mite* into the treasury too,”—isn't it odd? But we all know what *Pope* tells us the *Man of Ross* did. Johnson throws more light upon the subject; and, by making the circumstances *probable*, invests Mr. *John Kyrle*, truly, with an *halo* of honour; or rather clears that which he possessed before, but around which *Pope's* fancy had thrown a mist.

Now, reader, do not imagine that, by contrasting Mr. *Pulpithack's* labour and hire, I mean to satirize the church; if the “labourers in the vineyard” be ill paid it is no *peculiar* business of mine;

my business, whatever any other person's may be, is to go to church quietly and reverently, and not to pull it to pieces. I would only remark, that if any set of people *are* to live by their callings or professions, it's as well not to let them *starve* by them; though it appears to be an integral part of the economy of all constitutions that the *many* have *little* to live upon, and the *few* *much*. I would hope that you are one of the *few*; but, perhaps, it would be wishing you no real benefit: so, if you are not, I'd advise you to take things as you find them, especially as you must, whether it be agreeable or not.

My father was very partial to the reverend gentleman, and would often send him game and goose-pies; and these, let me remark, are much more substantial proofs of friendship than compliments, however elegant; and poetical "recollections," though even written by my father.

And why was my father partial to him?—First, because he preferred the Moderns to the Ancients—as my father said ; but the fact was, he did both justice ; allowed all the beauties of the one, and advocated those of the other.—Secondly, he never contradicted my father in argument, for my father was an inveterate disputer ; and the fact here is, that the reverend gentleman had a notion, that whenever you was certain you could not convince your opponent, or that he wanted “ *all the talk to himself,*” (as nurse used to say), the wisest way was to say nothing, and not lose your temper as well as your argument ; and be it noted, my father was as pertinacious in regard to any thing he had once asserted, as he was remarkable for commencing with one topic and concluding with another ; as distantly related to the first, as *some* of the long, *luminous*, speeches so fashionable in this “ eventful time” are to common sense. Isn't it odd?

Thirdly, my father was partial to him because he was a clergyman—that's odd: but my father had the authority of "good old custom" to keep him in countenance. People then were not so *enlightened* as we are; to be sure there are *some* even *now*, who lay claim to good sense, and who entertain a similar partiality; but what then? we can't *all* grow *wise* at once—we are proceeding as rapidly as can be expected towards *unbounded liberty* of thought; we are pulling all the *ornaments* off the *coat* as fast as we can; and, when we have completely stripped it, we sha'n't be very fastidious about disposing of the *venerable* remains. However, *weak* as *he might* probably be, my father was a most strenuous advocate for the clergy and the female sex; and if there was any one thing more than another which he would knock a man down for, (and he had done such things), it was for acting indelicately towards a parson or a wo-

man. “ Both, *he said*, were the real and best friends of mankind ; guides and guardian angels ; that none but knaves and fools would injure the one, and none but rascals and cowards take advantage of the other.

Fourthly.—My father was partial to the parson, because he was *poor*—that’s *odd* indeed ! and I could almost blush for his infirmity in this point, it was so very *outré* ; so completely at issue with every fashionable notion of propriety, that it implied he was a perfect stranger to the rules of the *very best regulated* societies ; however, I do not know that I ought, from mere *duty*, to blush for him, when, odd as it may appear, he never blushed for himself.

LASTLY, my father was partial to him because he had a daughter, and such a daughter as an archbishop might have been as proud of as was the poor curate.

“ So, so,” cries some reader, “ a daughter ? and in *this* partiality the rest

originated ! a *poor* man, with a *pretty* daughter, stands a very good chance to have his poverty *respected*, without any *merit* being attributable to the donor of goose pies." My dear sir, my father was partial to him for all the aforementioned reasons, (the last excepted,) before he knew, but by report, that he *had* a daughter ; and the friendship between him and the curate had continued two years before my father saw Miss Jane Thriftwell ; who had passed that time, and rather more, as a companion to an old aunt, at whose death Jane returned home to her father.

My father, I told you, was fond of chess, and played it well ; Miss Jane Thriftwell played chess also, though not so well as my father did. Few people know chess, and those who do are generally as fond of it as my father was ; hence when my father called at the curate's every day, according to custom, it was as customary for him to challenge

Miss Jane to a game of chess, and it was very rarely that she refused the challenge.

During their first *trials of skill*, my father was victor, in the proportion of three to five (games,) by degrees their advantages became mutual: then my father lost three out of five, then four out of five: at length, all five,—Isn't it odd? he couldn't account for it, he was always *check mated* when he least expected it: and when he felt secure of check-mating his adversary, he was sure, through his eagerness, to lose the game by *stale-mating* her. “It's *very* odd,” said my father,—there was nothing odd in it, the fact was, my father played against superior advantages, the lady's skill, and the lady's charms—two to one. My father marched his PAWNS forward, one step or two, 'twas all the same, the pawns went, without redemption; he *capered* his KNIGHTS about valiantly; but, like true knights-errant, they always

got into scrapes ; and, unluckily, never got out of them ; while the lady's knights *curvetted* about the *lists*, bearing down all before them ; her BISHOPS *crossed* my father's at every point : *translated* themselves into the other's places, and *degraded* them without ceremony ; while her Rooks pigeoned his, till he hadn't a *strong hold* left. Her QUEEN bounced about like *Queen Bess*, carrying all before her ; while his, resisting, like *Boadicea*, in vain, found royalty no panoply against misfortune : a discovery made by more queens than one.

In fine, reader, Cupid backed Miss Jane ; and though my father could *castle his king*, he couldn't *castle his heart*. Her KING did *no wrong*, while his was never *right*. At length Cupid assisted her to give my father such a *check*, that nothing remained for my father's peace, but that Hymen should *mate* them ; to this all parties assenting, the curate made it a

drawn game, by drawing round them that bewitching wreath which sometimes is full of blossoms, and sometimes full of blight ; sometimes is composed of *all* flowers, at others all nettles : but generally of a mixture of roses and thorns ; in this case it was composed of *heart's ease*, *myrtle*, and the *passion flower*,—the passion flower faded not : the heart's-ease proved perennial, and the myrtle was a constant evergreen,—Isn't it odd ?

CHAP. III.

HAVING proceeded as far as the marriage of my father and mother, there are fifteen years to account for, previous to my birth ; but as I never could in my life account for that of which I was ignorant, I shall skip that season of time, as I did *hard words* at school, and employ the time—not fifteen years, nor even fifteen minutes ; but the time it will take between my writing *this* line and the *first* relative to my birth, by a remark or two.

I informed you, that my father preferred the moderns to the ancients ; and having read an epigram on the subject, written by a Monsieur Grécourt, a French wit, it confirmed him in his preference. Trifles have weight with superficial

minds, and justice *obliges* me to say, that though my father's head rather evidenced a *cubical* character, you might sometimes calculate its *contents* by the rule of *superficies*. Monsieur Grécourt, according to my father's translation, wrote thus:—

Greece, the eternal boast of fame,
For classic lore, and bardic name,
Had **SEVEN** *wise men* in all her schools ;—
Were the rest *wiseacres* or *fools*?

This is a question *I* would not presume to answer: I only know, that *every body* claims wisdom among the moderns—it's a “sign of the times”—and *nobody* is the only body who owns to the character of *wiseacre* or *fool*. This *nobody* cuts a great figure in society, yet his positive existence as a *corporeal* character has been denied—indeed, there was once

A Meeting of BODIES,

in Corporation-row, to lay their *heads* together on the subject. *Somebody* moved

for opening the business of the meeting, when *nobody* spoke, and *everybody* asked if, when *nobody* spoke, it was necessary for *anybody* to listen ? Somebody said there were precedents in point; for that at many *corporate* meetings many *nobodies* spoke, while *every* body listened, as one listens to an echo—“*vox et præterea nihil*”—to *nothing*.—Nobody insisted upon his claim to *corporeal* character, on the trite ground of *somebody's*, *anybody's*, and *everybody's* faults being fathered upon *nobody*, who said to load him with such an *onus*, and deny him *corporeal* capacity to bear it, was as inconsistent as unjust. Somebody said, this was mere quibble ; for in such a case *nobody* was only *locum tenens*, and no one could prove a *proxy* to be the *principal* ; that *toleration* was not an *establishment* ; that “ the *honourable* gentleman,” “ the *learned* member,” “ the *noble* lord,” were terms in common use, but were often in their application mere

matters of *courtesy*—upon the same principle as that *ticket* in the *lottery* is called a *prize* by which we don't lose *quite* so much as if it had been drawn a *blank*. *Every* body said this was true, and *nobody* seemed astonished at it. “*Nobody and nothing* are identified,” said *somebody* ; but “*two negatives make an affirmative*,” said *every* body. The bodies were posed—and eventually came to the following conclusion :—“ That *every body* was free of their *corporation* ; that *somebody* should be chairman, and *any* body secretary ; while *nobody* should be *locum tenens* for either ; and rank *pro tempore* as a *body*.” Hence you frequently see a *nobody* acting *somebody*, and dictating to *every body* ; without its being a matter of the least consequence to *anybody*.

Now I am upon the eve of my own individual birth ; and that my claim to the character of *somebody* must be decided upon by any other body, rather than

myself, I submit to the remarks of *any body* ; have no objection to be in the hands of *every body*, and expect a rub or two from *somebody*—otherwise, I shall prove a mere *nobody*.

The day on which I was born, was the brightest to my father and mother they had ever known. My father, dear man ! who was more of the pigmy than patagonian breed, actually felt himself so elevated and exalted by the occasion, that he appeared, as it were, instinctively to stoop, when he entered a room, through fear of striking his head against the upper part of the door-way ; rubbed his hands perpetually, as if they were frozen, though it was summer ; skipped about like a frisky cow ; singing one song to the tune of another ; and doing every thing the reverse way to that which he used at other times ; and actually, during the remainder of the day, from sundry observations which escaped him, inclined to give the palm to the ancients,

because he happened at the moment my birth was announced to be *hammering* at a passage in some one of them, which “came home to his business and bosom.” My mother was equally delighted, but not equally frolicksome ; and their first interview, after *I* was announced, was, such as only fathers and mothers would understand, if it was described ; I shall therefore decline the task—but—if any fond fathers and mothers read this book, the recollections this passage will induce, will certainly endear the whole work to them, were it written worse than it may prove to be.

“It’s an ugly little monkey,” said my father: “It’s like you,” said my mother—(nurse had anticipated the remark.) My father turned his eyes *naturally* towards the glass, and his *smirk* did not seem to apply his own sarcasm to his *own face*, as its characteristic ; and his smirk increasing to a smile, as he returned his eyes to me, he said,—with

a pretty bashfulness—"Why, it is something like me"—and then it was he kissed me, and exclaimed, "Bless your sweet face!"—If, after this, Mrs. Crack can ever show her *sour* face, commend me to her modesty.

My feelings, at the moment in question it is as impossible for me to describe as for my readers to conceive; unless they possess the *precocious* recollection of the renowned *Tristram Shandy*; so I shall pass them over, and proceed to the feelings of Nurse *Sheepshanks*, which were *delightful* enough; and whose delight arose from other causes besides that of "a man-child being born into the world." She was delighted with the notion of a month's good provender and pay; visiting perquisites; christening presents; and a dozen other gratifying compensations for care and civility: and she, therefore, hugged me, and kissed me, over and over again; and talked nonsense, and called me "*Sweet*

little cherub,” while, instead of “smiling aloft,” I was *squalling below*;—but all this she would have done, and said, had I been as ugly as Mrs. Crack asserted—“*Ugly as an ape!*”—“Think of that,” reader—and—behold

NURSE SHEEPSHANKS,
AND
MASTER MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.



My readers may recollect the painter who, finding himself unequal to depicting the expression of a countenance he wished to exhibit in his picture, drew a veil over the face, and left the features to the imagination of the inspectors. Now, far be it from my modesty to say, that the reason why I have exhibited the *back*, rather than the *front*, of my head, was, because the features of the “sweet face,” mentioned by my father, could not be delineated by the *pictorial* art:—No—the fact is—and I deal only in *facts*—I was nervous when I made the sketch (from a drawing taken in my days of infancy,) and I had not heart to attempt more *faces* than that of the nurse. Consider—it was my *own* face—Mrs. Crack said, it was “*ugly as an ape’s* ;” my father the reverse ; and nurse, that it was “*a cherub’s*. Was there a beautiful feature in it, I could not exhibit it, through fear of being charged with *pictorial egotism*. Possessed it an ugly

feature, I had not self-denial enough to give Mrs. Crack the least cause for triumph—I shifted, therefore, the position of the infant, and have modestly left the face to the imagination of my readers; meaning, certainly, that they shall behold it, taken at a time when its beauties were more matured.

The feelings of *all* the visitors and gossips were similar; for all said—yet my readers know well enough what every body says of every little *Master or Miss Newcome*, in the hearing of papa, mamma, nurse, or any *whom it may concern*; —and, will you believe it?—Mrs. Crack joined with Mrs. Crow, in asserting that I was a *perfect little Cupid*! It is *not* odd.

The proverb, “*Truth should not be spoken at all times*,” seems to have made such an impression on some people; and they appear so puzzled to decide which is the *proper* time; that they actually fix upon no time; and, consequently, say

any thing, at all times, except what they really think ; and seem thereby to have established the position, that L——, no—*fibs* may be told at any time ; but then they are considered as *white fibs*, which *do no harm* to any body—such as doctors use when despairing their patients' cases, but find it necessary to deceive them with hope—some to increase their fees ; others, from the customary *friendly* fear of putting that in their heads to prepare for which is the proper business of *life* ; —or, lawyers, who draw clients into court, who have not, in the legal phrase, “ a leg to stand on ”—where they get “ *turned round* ” (nonsuited), like a teetotum ; finding their chance is P *put down*, while the lawyer's is T *take up*.

But *white fibs* are like white roses ; they have thorns, and very sharp ones, and can wound while they charm ; or, they are like *white paint* on the face ; the oftener it is laid on, the greater the necessity for an increase in quantity ; and

the more there is, the greater the mischief; for, while it produces a beautiful appearance to the eye, it corrodes that which it covers, and eventually converts fancied defect into actual deformity. A white fib is also as snow on your road, the depth of which you know not; and when you step upon it you may sink up to your ankles—up to your chin—over head and ears; so be cautious, and consider consequences. “Hold!” cries one of the *Cracks*,—“then farewell to all *compliment*, that beautiful ingredient in all fashionable conversation—one must say something agreeable, or one should be scouted from society; and it is utterly impossible one can *mean* a tenth part of *any thing* one says, in the way of compliment, to *any* body. Mr. Marmaduke Merrywhistle, you positively are a Puritan.”

My dear Madam, being a mortal enemy to preciseness and prudery, I deny the charge. I will allow you all

your compliments, only observe a little consistency. The contrast of *light* and *shade*, you know, is the essential beauty in painting ; and *you*, who do every thing beautifully, cannot avoid contrasting them in compliment ; which is a species of painting, combining *design* and colouring—and it is the contrast which puzzles me ; because it appears to prove that the *beautiful* is not always the *sublime*.

EXAMPLE.

Light.—I declare, my dear Miss Everbloom, nothing can possibly exceed the elegant disposition of your dress to-day : I protest I always call to copy your graces ; so you see my visits are not quite disinterested.—He ! he ! he !

Shade.—O Mrs. Blum, did you ever see such a fright as that old maid, Miss Everbloom, has contrived to make of herself this evening ?

Light again.—I wish she had sense enough to copy you ; for one must admire your taste.

Shade again.—I declare, Betty, you have made me look as bustling and vulgarly as old Mrs. Blum ; who is a bye-word with every body.

Isn't it odd ? and isn't it true ?

How, or in what manner, I should be nursed and reared was a subject of perpetual discussion with my father and mother ; and nurse came in for her share of the arguments used,—though she had but one favourite plan, *viz.*, To half-smother me with cloaths and kisses ; cram me from morning till night, and discover an hundred wants for me, which she supposed it impossible but that I should feel ; make me ill by the very means she took to make me well ; for ever poking or pouring down my throat some nasty stuff or other ; and, while she was half-choaking me, wondering what made me so uneasy. My father had studied *Locke*, for *Locke* was a modern ; and *Locke* recommended a *hardy* mode of bringing up children. One thing he proposed was—the very mention of it put Nurse Sheepshanks in the *shivers*—to let the child go without stockings ; and cut slashes or gashes in its shoes, not only in the upper leathers

—*papers*, I mean—but also in the soles ; because then, as the dear little creature dabbled in the puddles (as all dear little creatures do), the wet would get to his feet, and make them *hardy* ; and he would not be so liable to take cold as children *tenderly* nursed would. Now my mother had once nearly lost her life by getting wet feet ; she therefore put a *veto* upon the *open-worked* shoes ; and declared it was her intention never to let me dabble in puddles ; though, unfortunately, when I *went alone*, if there were a puddle within my reach I was seldom out of it. However, all the discussions ended in my being reared in much the same way as all other children are ; and how that is every body knows. Nurse (when I was capable of understanding them) was fond of amusing me with stories, while I sat on a stool by her, my head upon her knee. Her tales were always long and marvellous, and the verity of every one vouched for ;

and she would have as soon doubted her creed as the truth of any of them—their subjects, as *usual*, apparitions, ghosts, fairies, murders, battles, love-tragedies, and shipwrecks : and I listened to them, as curiosity and credulity always do ; devouring her words, as I did the cheese-cake or sweetmeat which she always reserved for me till *story-time*, which was the last hour before bed-time. The child who is not fond of his old nurse, and her stories, and her sweetmeats, must be a Stoic in miniature ; and the man who does not remember her with veneration and gratitude, possesses certainly no taste for the antique or the endearing. Cross old nurses are exceptions of course.

CHAP. IV.

I NOW come to the precise age when I was delivered up to the tuition of my father.—Queen Elizabeth, after having angrily harangued the Polish ambassador, (according to more than Miss Aikin,) said, “God’s death, my lords, I have been inforced this day to scour up my old Latin, that hath lain long in rusting.”

Now, during the interval between his resolving to become my tutor, and the time he was to commence, my father had resolved to imitate the Queen’s example ; but unluckily he had very little old Latin to scour up ; and it was too late in the day for him to acquire new ; exclusive of which, my father pre-

ferred ease to trouble ; was fonder of chess than the classics ; of the company of his friends, than *fagging* ; and of his bottle than *black letter* : for, be it noted, every thing relative to the classics, or the ancients, he called *black letter* ; and what related to the moderns, *red letter* ; and he used to write classical extracts (in a large book he kept for the purpose,) in *black ink* ; and his own *original* remarks under them in *red ink* ; as is the custom at present, in play-bills wherein the remarks are as original as those of my father were. Now, as my father's Latin had " lain long in rusting," and wanted much scouring when I was born : and as he had not scoured it, for the above mentioned reasons, from that period till the time he was to commence tutor ; the rust had so eaten into it, it was of no more use to him than the sword his great-grandfather wore when he was knighted ; which was kept as an heirloom of the family dignity ; and which

was so rusty it could not be drawn out of the scabbard ; consequently his Latin could not possibly be of any use to me. He began to think he had made a very rash promise ; and as he could not keep it, he determined, with his usual sagacity, to decline the office altogether. What was to be done ? What is generally done when we can't effect any particular *something* upon which we have set our minds ; substitute something else—so my father made a virtue of necessity ; and concealing his ignorance, under the pretence of pleasing my mother, determined upon engaging a tutor for me. Isn't it odd ? No—it would have been odd if he had not ; because he could not so well, by sending me to school, as by the *compliment* paid to my mother, have got out of the scrape : in the first instance, new arguments would have arisen, and a *discovery* might have been made to his disadvantage ; for my mother was shrewd ; my

father was shrewd, too: knew no argument would be started by my mother against the tutor; and that he should save his credit for imputed knowledge; and exalt his character for politeness—a *substitute* was determined upon.

Substitutes, or proxies, are very fashionable; a bank note is a substitute for money; party for patriotism; ostentation for liberality; quibble for wit; affectation for delicacy; bustle for expedition; carping for criticism; pertness for vivacity; impudence for spirit; and many more such trifling mistakes—Isn't it odd?

Now, really, (excepting in the fashionable cases alluded to,) one often finds the proxy, substitute, or *locum tenens*, more rational than the principal; especially in the instances of tutor and tutoress; for—one can scarcely believe it—there are parents who employ tutors and tutoresses, for the advantage of their children: and though they thus ac-

knowledge them to be fit persons to intrust with the principles and minds, and future happiness of their children, still they do not think them fit company for themselves—and this spirit descending to the children, these treat them with a sort of studied contempt, though perfectly in accordance with fashionable politeness; so that they cut the very heart which is devoted to their advantage and improvement—*isn't it odd?* not as regards the children; but, certainly as it regards the parents. In fact, teachers are people whom nobody knows, but *as* they know their *books, globes, drawing cases, harps, piano's, lutes, &c., i. e.,* as objects of hire or purchase: and the very notion of such being obliged to *impart* for their bread that which the others *acquire*, though for their benefit, induces *these* to imagine *those* beneath them.

Now, to *impart* implies ability or power; to *acquire* implies a previous

inability and weakness—*beneath* them! Heavens! one human being *beneath* another! *God made man in his own image and likeness*, and all men proceeded from that man—I need not remark more.

“Would you,” cries *Nobody* (as locum tenens for *Somebody*) “have superiority degrade itself; and stoop to familiarity with *inferiority*?” if so, what is to become of RANK, and DISTINCTION, and SUBORDINATION?”—Bow! wow! wow!—I’ll tell you, Sir Cypher,—*rank* is exalted by dignity, and *degraded* by pride: *distinction* is best preserved by superiority in the amiable qualities; and *subordination* secured most firmly by consideration and kindness. Talent is always entitled to respect, and when it is united with virtue, *much more*.

“Pray, Sir Pomp, do you ever go to church? if you do, how do you reconcile the first response in the Litany?—My Lady Pride, did you last Sunday *think* when joining in the *general con-*

fession?—Miss Pride, did you join in it? O, you only looked at the handsome clergyman, I recollect—and the two Beaux, I saw *setting* you—But, be a good girl next time, and imitate your mamma; she *repeats* it: and if you do that regularly, in *time*, from your own good sense, you may begin to *think* of it: and if you think of it properly, it will make you—think less of yourself; and then be assured, you will look *more lovely*: obtain that dignity you now only affect; and inspire that respect you now *require*; and which is substituted by—Pity!—Pity for *you* too!!!—Isn't it odd?

My father conceived that the tutor of his son was entitled to every respect; and therefore when Mr. *Theophilus Throgmorton*, the gentleman recommended to him for mine, called on him to make an arrangement, he was received with all the ceremony the importance of his proposed situation demanded.

My father received him in the best parlour; my mother made him her best curtsey; and I my best bow; examining his face well to see if I could discover good nature in it, which was all I felt concerned about. My father, after the first compliments, and the first two or three glasses of wine were disposed of, began to expatiate upon the plan he wished him to adopt in educating me. I was to learn, or rather be taught;—the *learning*, being rather a doubtful point—in addition to reading, writing, and arithmetic,—Greek, Latin, Italian, French, with as much English as could be got in edge-wise; the Belles Lettres, Mathematics, the Globes, History, Geography, Topography, &c. &c. &c. &c. “Heavens,” muttered my mother, “how will his head hold it all?” and then, *she* positively proposed that I should learn *Music*, *Dancing*, and *Drawing*, in addition!!!—Wasn’t it odd? My father said “they would embarrass my studies;” my mother said

“they would embellish them.” He replied, “Pish!” and she—*nothing*—it was decisive—she always submitted to that peevish exclamation—it was *check mate* to her—but, certainly, she had very rarely to encounter it.

Mr. Throgmorton looked as if he thought he should have enough to do; and I looked, as I felt, that I should leave half of it undone. “I have begun with him myself,” said my father, “examine him, Sir; and see what progress he has made.” Now, my father had, what he called, *begun* me; that is, he gave me a Latin accidence, and told me to get such a portion by heart every day; which I did, and the next day forgot it; for, never being able to do more than one thing at a time, to get by heart and remember too, was *one* thing too much; besides the lesson of one day, put that of the foregoing out of my head, because nothing was explained to me. I learnt as a parrot learns; and,

when I had got to the latter end of the *Accidence*, it was full time that I should forget the beginning; the certain effect of *mechanical* teaching; however, under these circumstances, I was called up to my examination. “How many *Parts of Speech* are there?” said Mr. Throgmorton, “*Three*,” said I, “Masculine, Feminine, and Neuter”—“Pish!” said my father, “recollect yourself,”—“*Six*,” said I,—“the Nominative, Genitive, &c.” “Are you mad?” said my father—“He’s terrified,” said my mother—“At what?” replied my father, with amazement; he was piqued at the little success of his endeavours to teach me. “I will examine him by myself,” said Mr. Throgmorton; and was retiring with me into the next room for that purpose, when his eye glanced on my father’s chess-board, which was very elegantly inlaid; and he remarked upon it in a manner which delighted my father, who inquired if he played; and upon his

answering in the affirmative, “ Have at you,” said my father,—“ Done,” said Mr. Throgmorton ; down they sat, and there was no examination that evening. I have often reflected since, that my first answer, that there were but *three parts, or divisions, of speech*, might be easily justified—Isn’t it odd?—*Thus—*

1. The Masculine *Tongue* ; which is hung like a parlour bell, to command attendance ; or the bell at your gate to summon service ; or, that in a belfry, to announce instruction.

2. Feminine *Tongues* are musical bells ; which, playing soft or loud, always produce melodious peals ; and the ear must be little attuned to harmony which delights not in listening to them—a scold’s tongue is only a note in *alt*, a little too sharp ; or a bell above concert pitch ; and a single exception is no objection to a general rule.

3. The Neuter Tongue is a *dumb bell*; but very significant and expressive in some cases.—

“Expressive silence”

is a beautiful poetical figure. How often is a dumb peal rung in Parliament, with uncommon effect, by the *silent Ayes* and *Noes*; whose votes *tell* as effectually as those of the deepest mouthed orators? The Speaker too is a most significant *dumb bell*; and so ends my peal. Is it very odd?

CHAP. V.

I LEFT my father and Mr. Throgmorton at chess. "Chess is a gentleman's game," said my father. Query? what is a gentleman? it is an appellation so indiscriminately bestowed, like the title of *Knight*, that, as Falstaff says, (with the alteration of one word)—

"A man knows not where to have *it*."

Formerly, by *gentility*, rank, birth, blood, &c., were meant; now any thing's a *gentleman*.

"The gentlemen are porters," says Lady Bull, in *Fontainebleau*, or *our way in France*; we copy our *refinements* from France. "This *here* and that 'ere gentleman," is no unfrequent figure of speech, — *House Seminary for Young Ladies*,

or *Gentlemen* ; in —— any square, place, or terrace ; and “ A *genteel* School for young *Ladies* or *Gentlemen*,” in many a lane or alley, are but the *head* and *tail* of the same *kite*—and what’s a tail without a *tassel* ?

How dared Napoleon call us “ a nation of shopkeepers ? ” We appear to have left the shop to take care of itself. Does that *gentleman* on the race-course, in his conspicuous set-out, look like a shopkeeper ? that assemblage of swelling grandeur, like Queen Sheba in the wax-work, with her footman behind her, like a shopkeeper’s wife ? or that affected Miss, mincing her steps, and looking scorn around her, like a shopkeeper’s daughter ? We see nothing of the *shop*—yes—I beg pardon—the *till*—in a *consumption*—“ Pish ! ” said my father, one day, “ nail ’em all down to the counter.”

My father won every game at chess of Mr. Throgmorton, and I fell in love—

“What? the night your tutor came?”—No—*after* he went—and a *long time* after, too—but, lest you imagine I am going to skip over a great portion of my *interesting* life, I will at once inform you that, Mr. Throgmorton went away the same night that he came: for he lost his temper with his games, and got into a downright quarrel with my father, in a dispute concerning the Ancients and Moderns; and he something like hinted to my father that he was no wiser than he should be. Now, people in general can bear better to be told that they are “no *better* than they should be,” than that they are no *wiser*. But Mr. Throgmorton considered, uttering any thing to the disparagement of the Ancients as literary blasphemy; and therefore his indignation got the better of his discretion; while my father, feeling—in his passion—something like the difference between Patron and Dependant; on being roundly contradicted,

forgot his urbanity, talked of *black-letter* blockheads; and actually *said* something like *fool*—the engagement was broken off—my father seemed glad to get rid of a tutor; the tutor seemed not sorry to get rid of the hard task appointed him; and they parted with much less ceremony than they met.

It was now determined to send me to school: but, that I might still be under my mother's eye, it was to a school in the village—to school I went, and—*some time* after that—*fell in love*; to which circumstance I shall go at once; and my school pranks and proficiencies shall come in, whenever it be requisite that they should be introduced: and my reason for commencing with *love matters* so early is, that those who may mistake this for a *novel*; and who, without that mistake, would not read it, probably will be out of patience till the *love concerns* begin: and I must please every body, if I wish every body

to read me. Those who don't care twopence about love stories will not be sorry they are *begun* (as they *must* be introduced—for a play, or a history like this, without love never could succeed), because *the sooner they begin*, (such will think), *the sooner they will be over*; and there will be hopes that something *rational* will follow.

“ I fell in love, and lost my place—”

in the mathematical book I was studying. Of all the *fallings* which mankind experience, *falling in love* is the most universal, and trying. Falling from power; falling from fortune; the falling of a stack of chimneys; or falling of the stocks; falling from your horse, or falling into a ditch, are nothing to it. *Falling in a passion* is the only one of the *fall genera* like it;—indeed it is the thing itself—for, if love be a passion, falling in a passion, and falling in love must be synonymes. Now I certainly

fell in a passion in every sense of the phrase with Miss *Violetta Valentine*. Upon her charms I could write volumes: what a pretty *library of loveliness* (I have loved alliteration ever since I loved *Violetta Valentine*) they would make.—I could write volumes, but who would read them? I will not write volumes—only an abridgment. *An Abridgment of Beauty?*—never!—the ladies would resent it; the gentlemen would execrate it. I will not attempt to describe her charms, otherwise than by requesting you, gentlemen, who are in love, to imagine *Violetta* what your hearts' mistresses are; or what you *think* they are; and you will be satisfied that her charms were irresistible: and you, ladies, when you look in your glasses, to fancy you see *Violetta*; and I am sure you will never wonder how I came to fall in love with her; and in love I was; downright; over head and ears. It made me poetical, as

shall be proved, (whether or not by proof *positive*, it will not do for *me* to be positive about.)

*On seeing a Young Lady breathing on a window pane,
and rubbing it with her white handkerchief.*

BY—A YOUNG LOVER.

Were I that glass on which you breathe,
As roses breathe their sweets on air ;
Your lips twin rose-buds—graces wreath
Such blossoms for “ young Love ” to wear—
Were I that glass, I must dissolve,
O’ercome by thy ambrosial breath ;
Or (with those lips in contact,) prove,
Thrill’d with delight, a sweeter death.

N. B. *Dissolve* and *death*, and similarly affecting (perhaps *affected* would be better) terms in *fashionable* amatory poetry, mean, what amatory poetry itself, in general, means—*nothing*—nothing more is necessary.

Whether, reader, you *now* think me poetical or not, I cannot say ; I would

not tax your acumen ; but, *modestly* say, in the words of THE *Poet*.—" When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room—truly." If thou dost not understand it, " I would the gods had made thee poetical." Write me down fool, if thou wilt ; but let it be " a material fool." Write me *not* down an *ass*." " YET THOU WERT IN LOVE," says some cynic, or rebel to the sweet affections, " *and therefore thou wert an ——.*" Ladies, tear his eyes out—wretch !

I would the gods had made *thee* poetical ; and I would *here*, if I dared trespass so far with *rhymes*,—the *reason* I will give *hereafter*,—reply to one whom the gods have made truly poetical ; but who has (as *I* read him) cast a reflection upon the BEAUTIES OF ALBION ! I could not pass it over—it was impossible—in

love and poetical, and pass it over?—*en-core*, IMPOSSIBLE!

QUOTATION.

The second verse of a popular Melody.

“ In England the garden of beauty is kept
 By a dragon of prudery plac'd within call;
 But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
 That the garden's but carelessly watch'd after all.
 O, they want the wild, sweet-briery fence
 Which 'round the flowers of Erin dwells;
 Which warms the touch while winning the sense,
 Nor charms us least when it most repels.”

Isn't it odd?

REPLY.—(Tune—*Bard's Legacy*.)

Bard of Erin, whose dulcet lyre
 Bright genius fashion'd, and feeling strung;
 Energy o'er it flash'd mystic fire,
 And elegant fancy wreaths round it hung;
 Sure, on it some spirit of air was playing,
 And carelessly dropp'd it—it lay not long,
 The genius of Erin that way was straying,
 And flew with the prize to her “bard of song.”

Bard of Erin, a careless brother,
 Who breath'd in Albion the first life-sigh,
 To sing the daughters of that dear mother,
 To whom due honour thy strains deny,

Tunes a plain lyre, from nature's wild teaching,
Its tones may be trifling, his finger not strong ;
Yet, its chords thy harmoniz'd ear if reaching,
Incline to courtesy, bard of song.

Bard of Erin, the soil that bore us
The sweetest flow'rs to our fancy bears ;
Such was our fathers' sound faith before us,
And ne'er may heresy taint our heirs :
Yet—my own *dear* native *roses* while singing,
Shall prejudice tutor me *others* to wrong ?
No—Truth shall paint me the flow'r far-springing
In all its beauty, O bard of song.

Bard of Erin, in Erin's bowers,
I've gaz'd on graces I've warmly sung ;
The "*sweet-briery fencing*" around those flowers
Has all the taste of thy tuneful tongue ;
Yet (sure in thine *haste*,) in our garden of beauty,
Thou dreamt'st of a *dragon*, with prejudice strong ;
Of "*unamiable prudery*" there doing duty—
Blot the words, and write *modesty*, bard of song.

Bard of Erin, 'round Albion's *roses*
"Unamiable prud'ry," no *quickset* makes ;
The thorn, their timid alarm opposes
But wounds when rudeness its duty wakes.
O, an exquisite loveliness charms in our flower :
Its heavenly fragrance lives after it long ;
And the *rose*, with the poet, for wreath or bower,
Has ever bloom'd *paramount* Bard of song.

Now, whether, when I read the quotation in question, the gods made me *poetical* I cannot tell: but I know the quotation made me very angry. I hope, however, I have been angry like a gentleman; for *genius* must be respected; and to scold and admire the same person is no uncommon thing. In Russia, a man's love for his wife is considered in proportion to his exercise of the whip, given him by the bride's father, on his wedding day.—Isn't it odd?

The occasion on which I wrote the *first exquisite* specimen of what love will do *lyrically*, was the occasion on which I fell in love: “*but why did you fall in a passion?*” I certainly was in a passion—put yourself in my place. I was sitting one summer evening at my window, solving, or rather trying to solve, a *problem in mathematics*; when at an opposite window—you have no doubt experienced the perplexing sensation which affects the eyes when, after sitting

in the dark, *lights* suddenly strike upon the sight? While sitting, then—in the dark—as to my problem—VIOLETTA VALENTINE suddenly appeared at the opposite window. I lost, in an instant, the whole concatenation of my reasoning upon the problem. I was no more mathematical than a mouse-trap. I had been all day studying it, and had just, (as I apprehended,) attained the object of my search; when one glance from Violetta's eyes shot *every thing* as completely out of my head as if nothing had ever been in it; a second glance prevented any thing like the possibility of *any thing's* return; and after thinking, and thinking, and thinking, in vain, I *fell in a passion*; and at that moment she began to clean the pane through which she was peeping. O how I longed to be a pane of glass! You may talk about *roses*, or whatever you please; but there never was any thing that could be compared with a beautiful woman's

lips ; yet I compared hers to roses in my poetry—but poets deal in fiction ; I longed to be a white handkerchief, the white handkerchief she held in her hand : what beau could be so perfumed as I should have been then ? for she had breathed on it ! she looked, to affect the oriental phrase, like a *luxuriant cluster of the fertile vine* ; but the *grapes* were sour to me ; it was enough to put the wisest in a passion ; yes, the grapes were sour to me. I suppose that was the reason why they made my mouth water. I tried to proceed with my problem, but did every thing in a *passion*, so did nothing. I've never been a mathematician since. I was the *virgin wax*, and *then* received the *first impression* ; in short, put it in what language you please, I was neither more nor less than in love ; and, falling in love, I had nearly fallen out of the window ; for reaching out, to pick up a pen I had dropped out upon the top of the parlour bow, or bey, window, I

went, like Gilpin, farther than I intended. Violetta saw, and screamed—for a minute I was no more in love than the window ledge. Luckily my father entered the door, as I protruded myself through the window; and caught my legs in the critical moment: “It had nearly been all over with you,” said my father. “It *is* all over with me, (thought I,) I wish I was a white handkerchief.” “Have you finished your problem?” said my father. What a question!

“I had nearly got to a *finish*,” said I; “Very *nearly*,” replied my father. Now what could possibly induce me to lean out of the window? was it, that from the peculiarity of my situation, I might attract the notice of Violetta? I could never solve *that* problem; I have never been a mathematician since. When Violetta screamed, she threw up the sash, but in her fright, so awkwardly, that she broke the very *pane* she had been cleaning. Every bit of *that* glass

did I afterwards pick up; and treasured it, as if it had been crystal or “old gold.” O, how I puzzled myself to discover the very part or parts which her lips had touched, and which side.—Isn't it odd?

I now began to write acrostics; always beginning with V,—Virgin; virtue; Violetta; Valentine, of course.

“Marmaduke,” said my father, one day, when he was comparing the moderns with the ancients, (N. B. He always wrote *moderns* first, that accounts for my doing so.) “I cannot but be of opinion that, whatever may be said upon the subject”——“Dinner's ready,” said my mother. Now, why I should *lug* the ancients in here may seem *odd*; but the fact is, being in love—and being withal very careful of my reputation—I am anxious to have as many significant precedents as possible in my favour; and as the authority of the ancients is considered decisive, by the best critics,

if I can prove that they fell in love—and they were too sensible not to do it,—I have the ancients on my side ; and I am sure I have the moderns ; so as, on *this* point they agree, and are equally enlightened, I need not blush to own I was in love : nor to affirm that all rational people fall in love. “ *At first sight ?* ”—bless you, I had seen Violetta a hundred times, and more, before that ; and always, from twelve years old, felt more bashful in her company than in that of any other of our neighbours' daughters ; (*her father who was a wealthy farmer, lived opposite mine,*) but *my time* to be irrevocably smitten did not come till that moment, I suppose ; for I am sure, I never wished to be a pane of glass before, and always preferred coloured handkerchiefs to white ones.

Now, reader, I would give you a dozen or two specimens of amatory poems, which I wrote ; but that, no doubt, you have written the same sort of things yourself ;

and they are *all alike* you know. If you did not write such things, you never were desperately in love. Every body, desperately in love, either writes—what in classical schools they call “ nonsense verses,” or gets somebody else to write such for them ; *who* reads, is another thing. Not that I would be *Goth* enough to advance that all amatory poetry is *nonsense* ; only about five sevenths of it.

Real love is timid, therefore *says* little ; delicate, and *therefore* publishes *less*. I am only speaking of love as we find it. *Valentine's* day is the great festival for amatory poets ; and if you never either wrote or bought a valentine, you may talk of having been in love, but you are like him of whom *Rosalind* speaks,

“ Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder,
But I warrant him heart whole.”

I must now retrograde between four and five years, and *go to school*. My

schoolmaster was, MR. ERASMUS FUBBS ; it's an odd name ; but, as Juliet says,

What 's in a name ?

Moore would have written as fascinatingly had his name been *Tom Gubbins* ; and *Campbell* as chastely elegant had he been called by as uncouth an appellation. I have an old worm-eaten folio, written by one *Onuphrius Parminius*, an historian ; yet his book is as well written as if his name had been *Hume*. Now *Merry-whistle* is an odd name—" *but his poetry?*" Spare my modesty, dear reader ; if the gods have made me poetical—consider the calamity !

CHAP. VI.

MR. ERASMUS FUBBS was a little man, with a large wig, though his head was small; but there was much in it; he was more attached to the ancients than to the moderns; and more to *Rum Toddy* than to either! yet he turned out some good scholars with little flogging, and some bad ones with much.

He was, naturally, a good-tempered, *well-conditioned* man; though he appeared to *his scholars* austere: but it was an integral part of his professional character: for every body knows what schoolboys are; and Dr. Johnson has said that learning must be imparted by severity or—flogged in. I shall not enter into the

question, only observe that many schoolmasters appear to recollect *that* expression of his, and forget *many* others. Fubbs was severe in school, but pleasant out of it; indeed he was, in one respect, a perfect schoolboy himself; for he had a strong propensity to *playing tricks*, (as the reader will discover before arriving at the end of these volumes,) and could play them even upon the boys, if he could do it without being detected; and though he was never actually detected, he was often pretty strongly suspected; and, therefore, you may rest assured, the boys were not behind hand with him; were *always* suspected, and *sometimes* found out, and then—"what a severe fellow Fubbs is," (you'd hear a little, *blubbering*, urchin say, while adjusting his *baser* garment) "but let me catch his big wig by itself, and you shall see." Hapless wig! but "thereby hangs a ——" I can't pun; it isn't pretty.

Reader, allow me to introduce Mr. Erasmus Fubbs to you in *propria personâ*.



To *me* Fubbs took a great fancy. Now there is something amazingly, ay, and rationally, gratifying, in being the favourite of a superior, and that superior a man of learning: not only a man of learning, but—a dictator. Now you would imagine that I, being a favourite

of Fubbs, learned more than the rest, through his extra attention to me—alas! we always take less essential care of favourites than of any other persons.

I therefore was permitted to *fudge*, while others were condemned to *fag*; *i. e.*, got off my task through excuses without reason, while others advanced rational pleas without being excused at all. Perhaps the source of this was, I had learnt from Nurse Sheepshanks a capital mode of mixing rum toddy, and adjusting the proper quantity of ingredients with a critical exactness; and the tastes of Fubbs and Nurse were in perfect unison. Not that Fubbs neglected my learning, he only gave me too much indulgence; so that I was not so deeply initiated into the lore of the Ancients as some others of the scholars; and, probably, *therefore* it might be, that I adopted my father's side of the question instead of Fubbs's, and hazarded my humble opinion, as I do now, that the Moderns

have merit; begging pardons of Messieurs the Reviewers on this or t'other side the Tweed.

“ The Ancients,” said Fubbs, “ are the golden ore.”—“ The Moderns,” replied my father, “ are coined money.”—“ But the ore is the *materiel*,” rejoined Fubbs. My father was posed. “ Give me the ore,” said Fubbs, with triumph; “ Money is of more use,” interrupted my mother, “ when one goes to market.” “ Would that *this*,” said Fubbs, as he raised the glass to his mouth,” were the ancient Falernian.”—“ Its sound old hock,” replied my father; “ and no Falernian, nor nectar, could be better.”—“ The ancient nectar,” rejoined Fubbs, “ surpassed—” —“ *Rum toddy*?” ventured I. Fubbs was posed. “ Rum toddy, rum toddy,” said he, ruminating; “ I know not whether it might not be something like it: though rum is not mentioned by the Ancients.” “ Did they cultivate the sugar-cane?” asked

my father. "Botanists have not yet decided," answered Fubbs. "They used honey to sweeten," said my father. "An excellent thing," interrupted my mother, who was a great *apiarian* ; kept some two dozen hives, and now began to expatiate upon her mode of treating bees, when my father looked as if the whole swarm were stinging him. "Bring pipes," said my father ; my mother obeyed, and the bees were smoked out, as were my mother and myself, from the room ; my Father and Fubbs raised such volumes of spiral vapour—too dense for *our* respiration.

Fubbs, exclusive of his boarding and day-school—and an excellent one it certainly was—kept an evening school for *young ladies* ; and as he made his principal day-boys return in the evening for an examination with his principal boarders ; and as he had but one large school-room, the boys and girls assembled at the same time and in

the same place: this remark is necessary.

To this evening school Miss Violetta Valentine went; for neither her father nor mother would let her go to boarding school. Her mother, who was descended from rank, and who had received a most excellent education, but had married a plebeian against the consent of all her family, and in consequence they never noticed her;—her mother, I say, taught Violetta in the day the ornamental parts of learning, and Fubbs taught her the essential modes in the evening.

Violetta was fond of playing tricks, too; but it was from the overflowing of the innocent *gaité de cœur*. One night a new wig, as conglomerated as a cauliflower, was brought home for Fubbs; and he was remarkable for the preposterous size of his wigs. It was introduced into the school-room for his inspection, supported by a wig-stand,

and placed on his desk, while his eyes expressed his delight at its imposing appearance. He was called out of the school, and the wig was left to the astonished starings, and irresistible titterings, of the girls and boys. "Suppose," said Violetta, running towards it with a candle, "I was to *singe* it;"—no sooner said than done: unfortunately she held the candle so near it, and her hand shook so through her laughing, that the wig caught fire, was in a blaze instantly; and, though the flame was quickly extinguished, the *jazy* was amazingly

"Curtailed of *its* fair proportion."

The school was as silent as a funeral assembly; Violetta red as—"a *turkey-cock*?" no,—"*the blushing rose*,"—tottered to her seat, while the tears gushed from her pretty eyes—scalding tears they were, certainly, for they scalded my heart; at least I felt something about

the region of my heart that made me wince in the same manner I did when, a week before, she turned the water of the tea-urn over my hand at her father's. Fubbs came in; "he came, he saw, he"—looked ten thousand maledictions and murders. Consider, such a man! and such a wig! and such a price! and such a dilemma! "Who did this?" thundered out Fubbs; all was "expressive silence" indeed—it was a petrifying pause; all eyes were turned upon Violetta; I didn't know what was the matter with me, nor what I did, nor where I was; but instantly I found myself trembling before Fubbs, and had stammered out, "I beg your pardon, sir; it was an accident," before I was conscious I had done so. "Come, away with him into the next room," cried the enraged Fubbs (to one of the boys, who, being strong, was the stock *horse*. *More* cried than Fubbs, not *I*, reader; rum toddy couldn't have saved me; and

if the Ancients flogged as hard as Fubbs did, why they had no conscience, that's all. As I departed into the *next room*, a small voice, sobbing, shrieked out "it was I;" but the boys "bless 'em," thought I—)stifled the shriek by coughing; it was not heard; and I had the pleasure of being punished for a little angel. "Horse me, quickly," whispered I to the boy;" he did; and I clenched my teeth as hard as I could, that I might not utter a cry, lest Violetta should suspect what I felt; and, when it was over, I shook my head to recollect myself, and disperse, without their falling and being perceived, what tears had forced themselves into my eyes, and returned to my seat like an hero as I was, saying, sulkily, with triumph, "My father will pay for it." I mixed no rum toddy that night; but I saw Violetta to her own door before I crossed the way to my own. To fill up by description the time from my flogging to the mo-

ment I parted with Violetta, is impossible ; her look when I returned to my seat—O ! never was such a look—(certainly, in *my* opinion, nobody could look like her): it said, “ I am so sorry and so grateful, I could kiss you ; I could—but I mustn’t.” I looked heroic indifference ; the girls looked gratitude ; the boys looked applause—Fubbs looked revenge not half gratified ; and school-time being up, we went home. Violetta and I walked home hand in hand ; she sighed and I whistled ; we couldn’t talk ; indeed, a *wig* and a *whipping* would have been a very foolish subject.—“ *Good night,*” said she. You’d have thought from the tone in which she said it, that she had been punished instead of me. “ *Good night,*” replied I, as gay as a grasshopper ; and gave as brisk a skip over the way to my own door ; went into the parlour as if nothing had occurred worth notice, and sat down on a chair in a corner ; into the seat of which

somebody must have stuck pins, for I could not sit still for the life of me.

My father and mother being in deep conversation when I entered, did not perceive me:—"In reasoning *a priori*," said my father—"What's that?" said my mother—"Every school-boy knows," said my father—"I'm not a school-boy," said my mother—"Pish," said my father: "reasoning *a priori*," continued he, "is reasoning *downwards* from causes to effects"—("Fubbs reasons so," thought I—) "while the argument *a posteriori*—" "every school-boy knows *that*," thought I, again; and old Valentine abruptly entering, interrupted my father's argument.

"Young gentleman," said Valentine, shaking me by the hand, "you're a hero;"—"What's the matter?" said my father—the story was told. "Burn his wig," said my mother—"It was burnt," said my father; "and I," said Valentine, "will buy him another,"—"and

I 'll play him a trick with it," thinks I. I was highly applauded; Mr. Valentine gave me a crown; my father an approving pat of the head; and my mother a kiss. Now, the crown possessed the least value; I was as happy as a king. Fubbs had a new wig made immediately, by the order of Mr. Valentine—he apologized to my father; made the *amende honorable* to my mother, received me into greater favour than ever, and I became the talk of the whole village; all the mischievous girls began to think they might burn wigs where I was with impunity—Isn't it odd?

Fubbs, once a year, invited his neighbours to a *fête*, which he gave to his scholars and their friends; it was a grand *gala*; and for this *fête* the new wig was made. On the day of the *fête* I, who had vowed vengeance against *him* and *it*, was there earlier than usual, and made myself very useful to Fubbs; who never put on his full-dress wig till

the moment he had to receive company, or go out. The visitors were assembled, Fubbs was summoned, and was going to receive them in his old wig, when I reminded him of the circumstance; he desired me, (as he could not leave the school-room as he was,) to smuggle his new wig in to him, as I knew where it was deposited; this was the opportunity for which I had watched, for I had kept him in conversation till the last moment, for the purpose of making him forget the wig till the critical time when I knew I should be despatched for it. I got the wig, and he put it on—but not till I had previously lined the caul with the adhesive ingredients of the inside of an *hep*—with the nature of which every school-boy (and this page is written for school-boys) must be acquainted; as he has, no doubt, not only put hep-seeds down other boys' backs, but had them down his own—Fubbs went, smirking, to receive his

visitors : and the evening passed pleasantly enough, with the single abatement of Fubbs being *rather* uncomfortable about the head ; which I divined, as well from my knowledge of the trick I had played him, as from his frequently adjusting and re-adjusting his wig. My mother, to whom I had imparted the secret, and who enjoyed this *innocent* mode of revenging myself on him for the flogging, took care to prevent his leaving the room, lest he should have an opportunity of examining his wig ; and hurried the commencement of the usual dance, under pretence of avoiding late hours ; insisted upon dancing with Fubbs, who professed himself highly honoured ; and she contrived to make him exert himself in the dance nimbly enough ; which she knew would increase the effect to be produced by the action of the *hep-down* upon his head ; she, therefore, swung him round, and pushed him through the *figure* with uncommon

adroitness ; and, as he grew warm, the tantalizing power of his wig's *lining* began to operate to *my* heart's content. Fubbs, I presume, imagining the pricking he experienced arose from the caul of the wig being more *wiry* than usual, to relieve himself, kept pushing it gently, first to one side, then to the other ; then backward, then pulling it forward again, and shifting it in all directions ; but the more pains he took to obviate the inconvenience, the more he augmented it ; and the more his head perspired, from his exercise, the more his torments increased. His dancing, from the exquisite tantalization, became like that of a frantic savage, till patience could no longer endure ; and, wound up to a pitch of desperation, he tore off the wig, and dashed it on the ground ; when my mother, appearing ignorant of what he had done, danced him away from the spot where the wig lay ; and, every body else, being too much engaged with

their pleasure to notice it, danced over it, one and all, till it became “ a shapeless ruin.” Fubbs’s bare head, as he passed them, was a subject of mirth to all ; and when the dance was over (for my mother made him dance it out), that and his wig were the causes of a general burst of obstreperous laughter, in which he affected to join ; but I, who knew him, knew also that bitter was his mirth ; and bitter, I augured, was the vengeance he was meditating against the contriver of the trick ; for the cause of his calamity had been discovered, and I saw also, by one glance of his eye, that he had his suspicions of *some* one, and that he was not *far* from the *right* one. He, however, substituted his old wig for the one destroyed, and the rest of the evening passed with hilarity ; which was heightened by jokes at the expense of Fubbs and his wig ; and which, I suspected, would, some day or other, be avenged at the expense of *somebody else*,

nor were my suspicions vain. Fubbs reasoned *a priori* upon the whole business, (as he, several years afterwards, confessed to me,) reflected upon the occasion which procured him the wig; *who* was interested in the circumstances of that occasion; *who* brought him the wig to put on on the *gala* day, and so on; till at last he fixed upon *me* as the cause of his vexation.

Mr. Valentine, as I have observed, gave me a *crown*, and with it I bought a pocket-book to present to Violetta: but she avoided me so studiously I could not get an opportunity, which irritated me; and, one day, while sitting opposite the remains of an old wall, near the school, with the book in my hand, musing mournfully upon her indifference, in an indignant pet, I threw the book over the wall; and sat sulkily, with my eyes fixed on the spot where it fell.—But, soon leaped the wall, and

banged one of my school-fellows ; who, coming by, saw, and picked it up—Isn't it odd?—He complained to his father ; *his* father to mine ; mine left me to Fubbs ; and Fubbs was happy in having an opportunity to “ pluck a crow with me.” Be it noticed (to shew his *mood*), I had not mixed his rum toddy since the ball—I was called up ; accused ; and, as I could make no rational defence *why* I beat the boy, was horsed once more—and, when all was over, if the chairs before seemed stuck with pins, they now seemed stuck with needles ; ay, and as big as knitting-needles.

This being the second time I had suffered through Violetta, I thought it hard she would take no notice of me—at least, not so much notice as I wished—if I offered her an orange, oranges did not agree with her ; if I presented a rose to her, she liked to see roses best on the bushes ; and if she *did*

condescend to put one in her bosom, she soon contrived to knock the rose off the stem; which, being useless, was thrown away.

Time glided on; and the more shy Violetta was, the more attached to her I became; and I thought I now and then saw something in her manner that flattered me her shyness was affected, it was too palpably exhibited to be natural, I thought; and she appeared altogether as *companionable* with *Bob Welford*, whom I had thrashed, as she was capricious with me. If she said her pen wanted mending, and I offered my services to mend it, she thought it would do as it was; and, the moment I turned away with vexation, it wanted mending again, and she gave it to Bob; "I'll be even with that fellow," said I to myself.

My love, if it *was* love, for Violetta, was a matter of quiz among all the boys; but I did not care—and Bob

Welford threw out squibs sometimes, such as I could not pleasantly digest; and I felt as if I only wanted another opportunity to thrash him—one offered. Violetta was fond of tricks, and one Valentine's morning I received a Valentine, not very flattering; which somehow or other, I took it in my head, was sent by her: it consisted of a figure, which appeared to me a compound of the *Chimpanzee* and the *Jacchus*, or *striated* monkey; and was applied to "the ugly little monkey;" then grown big. A *monkey*, I presume, chosen, in consequence of Mrs. Crack's scandal; the *Chimpanzee* character on account of my predilection for monkey-tricks: and the *striated*, not only because at that time I wore a striped waistcoat and trowsers, but because the head exhibited an appearance something like my own dark hair, surmounted by Fubbs's wig, through which I was punished; the rod, the candle, and the bunch of violets, (seen

below,) will explain themselves, without the hint given in the following copy of verses—remember, 'tis *school poetry*.

Your worship's wig looks monstrous wise ;
Your worship's *due* the rod implies ;
So fine a valentine who gets,
Must blooming be as *violets* ;
Who *ape* you, sure, can never fail
To prove—what ?—thereby hangs a *tail*.



This elegant production I took it into my head was sent to me by Violetta, as a sneer—she *had* silyly played me tricks, for all her reserve ; then I thought it impossible she *could* be so ungrateful and indelicate—and then—I determined to know whether she did send it or not. When we were coming from school in the evening, I produced it to her, and put the question ; but the look of contempt she gave both it and me paralyzed me—in short, she disdained to answer me ; and tripping away to some of her female companions, left me in as pretty a humour as any little bantam-cock, crowing for a quarrel, could be. At the instant she left me, Bob Welford caught my eye ; intuitively it came into my imagination that he had played me the trick, in revenge ; I taxed him with it so roundly, that he coloured ; and I think I cured him of sending Valentines ; he ran home roaring to his father, and I walked, quietly and satisfied, home to mine.

CHAP. VII.

I RETIRED to my room and sat down to pen an apology to Violetta; but, what with the ink being thick, and my head thick; the paper bad, and my pen worse; or, rather, because I was ashamed of my folly; I could not write a word; and my ruminations were interrupted by a summons to the parlour; where I found old Welford and my father, looking sour and passionate; and young Welford looking sulky and satirically. “Come here, sir,” said my father; “how dared you beat Master Welford in the manner you did, and this a second time too?” I said nothing, but tossed the valentine upon the table—“What’s this meant for?” said my father, “*Me*,” said I, “Who did it?” “*He*,” said I; “This is

not to be borne," said my father. My father put on one of his angriest looks ; and old Welford put on his spectacles. " O," said Welford, " it be a valentine, I see—but what be that to do wi' it ?" " It's taking an unwarrantable liberty," said my father—" But wa'n't it a more *unwarrantabler* liberty," replied Welford, " that he took wi' my Bob? and if you don't correct him, why I'll punish him if there be law i' the land to be had for money." At this moment in came Fubbs ; heard the story, and Welford repeated his threat. " Leave the young gentleman to me," said Fubbs, " I know best how to deal with refractory youth ;" and his hand went mechanically to his wig ; and I—I could not help it—reader—burst out laughing ; my father stared—Fubbs looked fury ; Welford cried, " he be quite *intolerant*."

" Mr. Merrywhistle," said Fubbs, " if I be not allowed to correct that boy,

I beg you'll remove him from my school."

"I never keep beggars in suspense," (said my father, who was more piqued about the valentine, I thought, than *he* ought to have been,) "bring your bill, and a *receipt*, and our account's closed." Now, Master Fubbs had gone farther than he intended; but his indignation, at my laughing at him, got the better of his interest; and when he heard the words "*Our account is closed*," his visage fell—plumb down—like Corporal Trim's hat, when he was relating the death of Lefevre to Susan and the coachman. "I hope, sir, you are not serious?" said Fubbs; "As a judge," said my father; "A righteous Daniel," thought I; "*Well* then, sir," said Fubbs, like a stag at bay, "*be* it so; and I wish you may never repent it." "Amen," said my father—he could be provokingly and sarcastically cool when he chose.

"You are not dissatisfied with his attainments, I trust?" said Fubbs, in a tone

that seemed to intimate that it was impossible he should be so. My father made no reply; "His knowledge of the Ancients," said Fubbs, "Pish!" interrupted my father, "*Pish?*" emphatically and deliberately, replied Fubbs, "pish to the ancients? the man who could utter such an exclamation on such an occasion—(his blood was up—) must be a Goth or a Vandal;" "May be so," said my father coolly. "*Sir!*" rejoined Fubbs, stung by his coolness, "the whole race of *Moderns* put together are not worth a single *Ancient*."—"In *your* opinion,"—my father. "In *every* body's opinion;"—Fubbs, "Not quite;" (my father,) "There's our friend Welford cares as little about the Ancients as I do."—"You be right," said Welford, "no; I *don't* mean my boy's head to be cracked wi' such nonsense; common sense were always good enough for me, and be good enough for my children." Fubbs looked petrified! "*Common sense!*" he ejaculated—"Com-

mon sense !” he repeated—“ *Common sense !*” he reiterated. My father smiled; Welford, with his mouth open, stared. The *fun* of seeing our schoolmaster in a *pucker*, operated so sympathetically upon both young Bob and me, that we could not help exchanging a grin of triumph, which dissipated, *nearly*, all the rancour between us. “ Yes, common sense,” continued Welford, “ it be all a farmer’s son do want,”—“ Or an emperor’s either,” said my Father. “ I have,” said Welford, “ let my Bob *larn* a trifle of what Mr. Fubbs do call t’ *Classicles* ; but, for myself, I think it be little better to most folks than *trash*.” “ Trash ?” exclaimed Fubbs—rage and contempt putting interest totally *hors du combat*—“ Trash ? Sir, I admire at your ignorance.”—“ And I at your *impudence*,” replied Welford, “ and you may as well bring in *my* bill and receipt with Mr. Merrywhistle’s, and then *our* account be closed you know—and that be no trash

for you"—(he was not *rich*). Fubbs was electrified — even his interest could not surmount his rage, and induce him to attempt conciliation; but, with an indignant "Very well, Gentlemen," he strutted out of the room. "He be a silly chap, after all," said Welford, "if my son were to be a parson, it would be one thing; but, as he be to be a ploughman, as it were, it be quite another."

"But what about the boys?" said Welford. Now Fubbs's vexation had so delighted Bob and me, and our emancipation from his trammels so transported us—almost all school-boys hate school—that we dismissed all resentment; and, Bob said, good-naturedly enough, "Marmaduke's sorry for it, and I'm sorry I sent the picture;" we shook hands—the sight operated as we wished it upon our fathers:—and, indeed, there is something so beautiful in a picture of reconciliation, that the heart which can-

not sympathize with it deserves the *heart-burn*, or the *heart-ache*, to teach it the proper value of *heart's-ease*.

All parties now being satisfied, Fubbs excepted, my father and Welford parted, and I returned to my apology, in vain—but being next day sent out by my father to a place about a mile distant from the village, I saw Violetta: I flew to the stile which was between the fields in which we were, determined to use my tongue, though I could not my pen; and had conjured up a few appropriate expressions to commence with; when, as I crossed the stile in a hurry, perplexed and confused; just as another girl joined Violetta, my foot got entangled, and while trying to extricate it, a branch of a bush which I seized for support, snapping short, I made a short *somerset* into a ditch beneath it; and not only into a ditch, but one full of mud and water. The girls burst out into a loud laugh; and when I

arose—like the *Genius of the Stagnant Pool*—at the sight I exhibited, their laughter was without bounds: however, dirty as I was, vexation made me approach them, and I thus addressed them: “Young ladies, you may laugh, and show your want of delicacy as well as of good-nature; but”—here something stuck in my throat, perhaps a *frog*—for, as I had fallen in face downward, my mouth participated of the “green mantle,” and whatever might be mixed with it—I could get no farther, and they laughed the more. “Miss Valentine,” said I, “I don’t deserve this of *you*”—and I turned away with a most indignant stride, cured of all *nonsense*—heard but *one* of them laugh; and instantly, hearing a violent scream, turned round; they both sprung towards me; and, though they were in white, and I in *sables*, they clung close to me, one on each side, till the folds of their dresses grew as familiar with my soiled

garments, as their fingers did with my arms; which, in their terror, they pinched, till nothing but my sullen mood could have prevented me roaring out. My astonishment was soon removed by observing a vicious bull making after them with all his might—to escape him seemed impossible; when the girls, swooning at the instant, dropped on the grass, and liberated my arms. I looked to heaven—O that man would always look there; he would never be disappointed, if he was sincere. I saw a hedge-stake, which somebody had dropped in the grass—Heaven surely gave me strength. I swung round the stake, (which was more like a small tree rooted up, cleared of its ramifications of roots, and cut short below the branches,) and it alighted precisely on the nose of the brute, which arrested him for an instant; when—here was the hand of Providence too—he caught me up *between* his horns, and threw me a somerset over his head,

from which I descended headlong into the grass ; and when I looked up, I saw a bull-dog pinned upon his nose, and the two girls running to the stile as hard as their fright could drive, and their legs carry them. In short, the village-butcher, being in the next field with his dog, saw our danger, and set his dog on the bull. The bull, not pleased with his antagonist, as soon as he once shook him off, turned tail, and left us quietly to our meditations, and we were equally disposed to leave him to *ruminate* undisturbed.

Providentially I had broken no bones ; my head was too thick for so *slight* a tumble to make *much* impression ; and so, after thanking Mr. Brisket, and assuring him of my father's gratitude, I ran—no—limped, after the girls ; and they, unlike one half of the world, who care most for themselves ; and the other half, who care for nobody else—they lingered on the other side the stile, watching the

event. When I approached them, each, without ceremony, took a hand; looked—I can't tell how—in my face, and burst into tears. I twined an arm of each in mine, and walked on *whistling* again—not “*for want of thought*,” nor want of feeling, but for want of knowing how to compliment: and, moreover, I thought a *man*—we are all men *now* at fifteen—I thought a man should appear wholly unconcerned about danger. We walked without speaking, till my leg was so painful, I was obliged to halt. I sat down—they by me. Primroses grew on the bank—I plucked two, and presented one to each. *Miss Martin* stuck her's in her bosom, with a look that made her seem very pretty—for she was not naturally so—but it was the look of gratitude. I bowed—*Violetta* kept her's in her hand, and eventually picked it (unconsciously, I suppose—she was in deep thought) in pieces, and threw it away.—Wasn't it odd?

I'll go now," said I—I was angry.—We got into the road—a neighbour's cart coming up, empty, we asked leave, mounted, and rode home. Every body, as we entered the village, staring at our *magpie* condition. "What can they have been about?" said one.—"*Dirty* business, it's plain," said another.—"It's no business of ours," said a third.—"I should like to know for all that," said a fourth.—"No good, I dare say," said a fifth—"Look at Miss's Muslins," said a sixth—and so on.

Misfortune ever was, and ever will be the food of ill-nature and insolent curiosity; and whether you fall in a ditch, or into any other dilemma, nobody pities you, but to insult you.—Yes, some few—*few* indeed—isn't it odd?—Seneca somewhere says—"Ha! ha! ha! hah!" I heard; turned round, and who should it be but Fubbs obstreperously laughing in spiteful triumph at the figure I cut. His bill had been

paid—all friendship was at an end ;— he was not remarkable for delicacy, and he had just taken his rum toddy—it was the time of his usual walk after it. I remark the latter circumstance, as the only apology I can make for a *school-master forgetting good manners*.

I learned, about a month after, that Fubbs had to cross the same stile, over the same ditch, full of the same cream of crudities—to visit the father of one of his scholars. “ Bob,” said I to young Welford (we were inseparable friends now) could you get an old plank, just wide enough to cross the High-field Ditch ?” “ Yes,” said he, “ but it’s cracked across.”—“ Then,” says I, “ we shall have less occasion for a saw.” In short, Fubbs went—Fubbs got on the stile—rested a bit—bustled down on a *plank*—how it came there nobody knew—except ——— and ——— : the plank separated, and Fubbs was deposited where I had been ; and return-

ing home, entered the village with a whole train of boys after him, avenging me by a *Ha! ha! ha! hah! hah!* so loud that it brought all the inhabitants to their doors, and among them *Bob* and me, to hear his vows of vengeance against *whoever* had played him the trick — *whenever he found them out.* — “I’ll have a coach, *whenever* I get a prize in the lottery” — “I’ll alter many things *whenever* I am king.” *Whenever* is a problematical expression, and implies something next to an impossibility. “*Whenever* I find them out,” said Fubbs.

CHAP. VIII.

My leg was bad for three weeks. Miss Martin came often to know how I was. Violetta *sent sometimes*, but *never* came. “She has no more feeling than Fubbs” said I—throwing down the remainder of a peculiar sort of cake, of which I was very fond, and of which a neighbour had sent one for me every day. I knew not who, nor was I told—to be sure I never asked. I wanted them to be the gifts of Violetta, and I did not like to be told they were not, so contented myself with guessing. “It could not be Fubbs,” reasoned I, “nor Bob’s father, for Bob has been here, and said nothing about it;—it’s Miss Martin—that girl’s all gratitude: the

primrose for instance. Valentine's at Newmarket, and it can't be he; and his daughter's too proud—it's certainly Miss Martin; I wish she were as pretty as Violetta."

The bottom part of the cake lay uppermost—it was a cake baked upon paper; and I amused myself while I thought, as one does with *twiddling one's thumbs*, by peeling what remained of the paper—all but a small part having been removed, letters upon it caught my eye; they were Violetta's writing! I knew her hand too well to be deceived—and I was transported to find they came from Violetta. I had always thought them sweet—what did I think them now? Violetta sent them!—I've gloried in mad bulls ever since.

As soon as I was well, we were invited to dine at Mr. Valentine's. I met Violetta—yet she was distant.—*Woman*—she was but a girl.—Well then, the *sex* is a riddle.—I met her as

bashful and as boobyish as you, John Jenkins, who may be reading this, ever met—at *first*—you know who—and *very pointedly* said, “How do you do, Miss Valentine?”—To which she *as pointedly* replied, “Very well, I thank you, Sir.” What a beginning to a love-making!!! “What *passed at dinner*?”—Nonsense—don’t you imagine?—I looked much, and ate little: she affected much—indifference—and ate less. “My son is a match for a Duchess,” said my father. Violetta looked (as I thought) “Let him have one, if he can get one.” I muttered, “The ——— take all Duchesses.”—It was uncharitable, and lovers never mean what they say in a pet. I only meant what is a *Duchess*, if her name be not *Violetta*?—I looked “unutterable things” at Violetta;—*she*—looked another way. “What can she mean?” thought I—Heaven knows!—Who knows what a woman (a *girl* I should say) means—I was downright in love—don’t you think

I was? We played in the evening at cross questions and crooked answers, &c. &c. &c., and such pretty things as please *children of all ages*. Among them “*I love my love with an A*, &c., it came to Violetta’s turn at M. My ears were as hot as Hecla. She began—

I love my love with an M—because he’s MODEST. So far so good, thinks I,—as you know I told you *modesty* was my peculiar trait. *I dislike my love with an M, because—he evinces mauvaise honte*. I was always bashful, thought I—’tis I—*He treated me with—*(what? thinks I,) *med-lars—*(I had once offered her a medlar,) His name’s—(Marmaduke—I was certain.) Ma—Ma—*Matthew*. There certainly never was a Matthew worth two-two-pence, except—he who wrote the gospel. Yet Ma—Ma—*Matthew—*she meant *Marmaduke*—I’m sure—but modesty wouldn’t allow her to say so. *And he LIVES at Maidstone!* Heavens! I never lived at Maidstone in all my life,

and the name of the village I lived in, began with an M. Its all nonsense thought I,—“Love, (said my father, in the course of the evening,) is all nonsense.” I wished he had not been my father: for I was just in the humour to knock any body down that disputed the rationality of love.

It came to my turn, and, singular as it may appear, my letter was V.

I love my love with a V, because she is *virtuous*. I dislike my love with a V, because she's—*vague*. I thought her so. Suspected her good will; still she appeared *wandering*, and indecisive; so far so well—no alarm.

She treated me with *violets*,—the company stared—tittered—and looked down. Her name's —— every one looked “with all their eyes,”—*Violetta*. I couldn't belie my feelings. Violetta blushed red as roses; and I, stammering, looked pale as—dough: and she lives in——my *visions*—said I It was

too palpable to pass unnoticed.—Violetta was angry, every body else laughed, but chop-fallen Marmaduke. The party broke up—all happy but me; and considering all things—it was *not* odd.

Having left school, my father made me study mathematics at home. The science of mathematics,” said he, “ is more ancient than the flood; the sons of *Seth* were the first who practised it; the first *after* the flood who cultivated mathematics —” “ is of very little consequence to us,” said my mother, “ we must look out for somebody who professes the science now, to teach him.” “ Pish!” said my father; “ after the flood the mathematics were cultivated by the Assyrians and Chaldeans; and Aristotle says that the Egyptians gave them the first eclat. In Greece, Thales taught them—” “ Mr. Wiggins in the market-town teaches them,” said my mother. “ Pi—ish!” said my father, “ Pythagoras followed Thales; Anax-

agoras succeeded him ; then Oenepides, Briso, Antipho, and Hippocrates of Chios ; Democritus, Plato, Eudoxus, Menechneus, Theudius, Hermotimus, and——” my mother was fast asleep. “ It’s enough to vex a saint,” said my father,—my father was no saint, and yet was *right down* angry. “ Cambridge,” said my father to *me*,” is more celebrated than Oxford for mathematics,—“ and for butter too,” said my mother (waking at the moment), “ and Oxford for sausages.” My mother thought only of the *desiderata* for housekeeping. “ Woman,” said my father, “ when will the darkness that surrounds you be dissipated?” “ Betty’s bringing the lights now,” said my mother ; and Betty entered with candles—it was check-mate to my father ; and the mathematics were extinguished. Now my mother, dear soul, knew nearly as much of the matter as my father did, which was not much ; but by dint of

reading encyclopædias, abridgments, compendiums, &c. &c., he had collected a string of essences and titles and names ; and, to one who knew less of it than himself, he appeared as if he really knew something of his subjects ; and, therefore, they gave him credit, and let him pursue the thread of his dissertation without interruption ; while they pursued that of their own cogitations on any other subject, as much to his edification as his talking was to theirs. My mother, however, often affected ignorance ; and edged in abruptly some unlucky reply, which bearing *verbally* some analogy to his subject, appeared so whimsically ludicrous, that though my father was always offended, he seldom had the heart to shew it ; though his ideas being scattered by the unseasonable interruption, he could not, through inwardly laughing or fretting, recall them ; and my mother got him to talk *rationaly*, as she called it. “ What oc-

casion has Marmaduke," said she one day, "to learn mathematics? he'd better learn to get money." "Money is certainly desirable," replied my father: "Very," said my mother.—"He will have my fortune," said my father, "I have plenty of money."—"I'm glad of it," said my mother, "for we want new curtains, new carpets, new chairs, new—" my father vanished. He was not fond of *novelty* at any time; and in this case, it was connected with so much *variety*, it was more objectionable than ever.

Mr. Wiggins began me in mathematics; a problem of which I was studying when Violetta *cleaned* the window. After the evening of cross questions, she made me many crooked answers, to the inquiries of my eyes; grew coquettish,—always chose any body else for her partner in our little village balls; but always managed where she could a dance with *hands across* in it.—Isn't it odd?

My father determined I should go to London. "Why?" said my mother, "To see the *beau monde*," said my father. "What's that?" said Welford, who had looked in. "The superior orders of society," said my father; it *finishes* a young man,"—"It does," said my mother, "young Dashworth is *finished* already." "Yes, he be *done up*," said Welford." "Pish!" said my father again. However I went to London, and young Welford went with me,

My father *had* an eye to the *main chance*, though he affected to slight it; and he articted me to a surveyor and architect—his cousin. Welford, too, by the persuasions of my father, instead of keeping his son at the plough-tail (for he was "a *cute* lad,") as the old man observed, articted him to a lawyer, cousin to the surveyor; so it was all a family compact. And as London is the place for the *latitude* of law, the *longitude* of justice, and the *eternity* of equity, all

lawyers ought to be brought up in London. We went—"what? without taking leave of Violetta?"—No—we had a grand *fête*, given jointly by my father and Welford. Their houses joined; and their respective gardens opened into a large enclosure, which they rented between them, for the convenience of drying, bleaching, playing at bowls, occasionally grazing their saddle nags, &c. &c. &c. The dinner was given at my father's, and the *lawn* was *dressed* out for the evening's pastimes. "All the world and his wife" were invited. "*Tout le monde*," say the French, *resting* there. Now we have in this instance outdone the French in *politesse*, their darling attribute, by paying due regard to the ladies. "*Tout le monde*," say the French, how poor and flat!—"All the world and his *wife* say *we*." How full! how expressive! the very sound is so snug and comfortable, there's no comparison between the two,

Sterne's wig, sea, and pail of water, apply.

Bob Welford was all life—I was not. My heart was bound by a stronger *chain* than a *surveyor's*, and my *designs* had no affinity to *architecture*, except it was building castles in the air. I was to leave *Violetta*—somebody else might make love to her in my absence ; there were many handsome young men in the neighbourhood ; and though they had never been flogged for her, nor fought mad bulls for her ; nor been raving mad themselves for her, still—I was going to London—they would see her every day ; I only every night—in my dreams. “ Dreams are fables, and fables are—” full of meaning, Reader: she smiled upon them before my face ; she would smile upon them behind my back ; and her smiles were fascination. If she was distant to me now, what would she be when I was distant from her ? She would certainly forget me—I was not

certain by-the-by, that she recollected the services—pish ! What nasty, dirty, recollections we have of every thing we have performed for another. How we swell with pigmy importance upon the reflection ! as if we came into the world for any other purpose than to serve each other—and where's the merit ?

“ *You don't know what I have done for that man, sir.*” What has been done for you ? Hem ! “ *I lent him money when his family were starving.*” He could'nt return it because they still wanted food ? “ *No, sir, he could not ; and I lost such a bargain for the want of it, the handsomest gig you ever saw for one third of its value.* Appalling !—you arrested such a rascal of course ? “ *I was obliged.*” Yet, on what ground ? what hope had you, that he who could not pay *you*, could pay your debt and the lawyer's costs ? “ *I thought his other friends might come forward.*” Rob them ?—I beg pardon—I mean the poor man, who can't support

his family has seldom more than ONE friend. “*I was that ONE friend to him, sir.*” I doubt it; Isn’t it odd? But did his *other* friends come forward? “*No, sir.*” And you lost your money? “*Every farthing, and had the lawyer’s bill to pay too; its enough to make a man forswear good-nature.*” You are poor—that is, not rich, perhaps? “*Thank God, sir, I am comfortable enough, for the matter of that; it wont break my back,*” Indeed? there is but one way of *thanking* God for prosperity. “*Cast your bread upon the waters.*” “But we shouldn’t cast it upon the wind.” Its “*an ill wind, &c., you know; yet—no —not upon the wind—but upon the gentle breezes, the zephyrs—and all the sweet little poetically personified puffs and breathings which are always despatched by the muse upon beautiful errands.*” “Would the gods had made *thee* poetical.”

I’m at the ball—Violetta is dancing with—“John Gubbins? or Harry Huck-

stone?" No! no!! no!!! with Marmaduke Merrywhistle junior; surveyor and architect elect. The *ladies* were all decked with roses, except *one*; and that one Violetta—in her bosom was *only*—"what?"—a simple *primrose*—wasn't it odd?

I wrote a poem on the primrose—don't be alarmed, I shall not insert it *here*; you'll see it in some morning or evening paper, with a pretty name to it.

Violetta wore a *primrose*; *I* a *violet*—wasn't it odd?—now, why *I* wore the one is palpable; but why did she wear the other; and, *not* pick it to pieces, as she did in the field?—we sat together after one of the dances—we didn't say much—she was the only woman in the company I could not compliment, for every other I had "a *tongue* in my mouth"—with her—I had nothing in my mouth but my *heart*; it was always in my mouth, and had nearly choaked me two or three times. During our sitting, it

was late in the evening; Violetta had taken the primrose from her bosom, and was playing with it; by accident she dropped it; we both stooped to pick it up together, in a hurry, and our cheeks met. Were you ever electrified? but that's nothing to it; *that* is, a jirk, a jar, a—any thing unpleasant. I believe my heart jumped out of my mouth at the instant. He who attempts to describe a lover's feelings in such situations, certainly never experienced them, or he would not make himself so ridiculous—I won't attempt it—I did feel them—*did Violetta?*—what a question!—I never asked her. Our cheeks met; my heart flew out of my mouth, and I never recovered it from that day to this, as I shall prove hereafter. I picked up the primrose; and, somehow (by sympathy, I suppose) the violet fell from my coat. Violetta picked that up; we were going to exchange them, when—somehow again—*how*, I don't know; it

was unaccountable—they got *entwined*, and were left in Violetta's hand; I looked at her—never mind how; my heart was full—no—I had lost that—my eyes were full—one of her light ringlets fluttered a little—I believe I had sighed, within reach of the ringlet—Violetta looked wistfully at the entwined flowers—we were suddenly called to dance. She had certainly done it very unthinkingly, but they were both placed in her bosom—isn't it odd? I saw several of the company tittering, but I was too much on the titter myself, to regard it—you've heard of "*cutting six*" in a dance? I verily believe I cut six and forty—Was it odd?

"Why, *Marmaduke!*" said my father, "why, *Marmaduke!*" said my mother—"He's mad," said young Welford—"He be cracked," said old Welford—"He was always a fool," cried Fubbs—for he was there—and every now and then, when he passed me, he put his

hand, as usual, to his wig—"He's a fine lad," said old Valentine, to my father, in my hearing—(the occasion excuses the egotism)—"and—a good lad," said my father—they whispered—"we shall see," said Valentine—what could they mean?—Violetta and I—parted—never mind how—I'm in London—*isn't it odd?*

CHAP. IX.

“ IN London my life is a ring of delight”—

“ London is like a barber's shop”—

“ London is like to a mill going round”

AND

“As sure as the Devil's in London,”

Are lyrical allusions to London, in the song books, of the metropolis. A London life may certainly be called a RING *of delight*; as we say a *ring of bells*, *ringing the changes*, and *the like*, as nurse used to say; or it may be applied to the delights of that *elegant* circle the RING, *vulgarly* so called; that *arena* of the *fancy*, the *delights* springing from which *must* be *peculiar* indeed. I turn from it with contempt. The song from which this line was taken, was written by O'Keefe; a man who wrote much, and who made

his audience laugh, without corrupting their morals—isn't it odd?—"Go thou and do likewise."

London may be like a *barber's shop*, where there are many *tetes* without *heads*, and *blocks* without *brains*; I don't know who wrote this song.

It may be like a *mill going round*, (which is the commencement of a song in a farce of Mr. T. Dibdin's—

"A fellow of infinite jest")

for every thing appears in a whirl; nothing stands still, not even scandal.

"As sure as the Devil's in London," is vulgar enough to have been written by any body; however, he is said to be there—did I find him?—there's much to be said.

MR. TOBIAS TUNZEY, the gentleman to whom I was articulated, was a man both of science and taste—of *taste* in more senses than one, as shall be exemplified in due time; he was a man of *substance* too: I choose the word be-

cause it admits of *double entendre*, for he was *rich*, and *bulky*; his *appetite* for science was only equalled by his *appetite* for surloins, and similar tid-bits, or tit-bits—which “the academy has not decided.” Now, Mr. TIMOTHY SKEIN, the attorney — solicitor—beg pardon — to whom Bob was articulated; and who was the inseparable friend of Tunzey, as well as his relation (isn't it odd?) was his reverse in figure and appetite; for he was as temperate as he was tall, and as thin as he was knowing; and he was said to possess the longest head of any lawyer in London; and the longest body too, might have been said, for he was like a shred of his own engrossed parchment—when Tunzey and he were together, they looked like a waggon and the waggoner's whip.

Tunzey was an epicure, and ate more than common; he had a *fat* mode of speaking like a Falstaff; and often affected a quaint style of speech, and

when any thing particularly delighted him, he used the exclamation, ha! thus—*ha—ah!* and the emphasis with which he pronounced it, proved it came from his heart. I will introduce these two gentlemen by a dialogue I once had the good luck to overhear.

Tunzey.—I tell thee, friend Skein, thou art a novice in these matters; how shouldst thou understand cookery who dost not trouble thy head about it?

Skein.—I say that salmon—

Tunzey.—Salmon?—*ha—ah!* fresh salmon!—what a blessing was the invention of fresh salmon!

Skein.—Fresh salmon? I mean pickled.

Tunzey.—Pickled—pish! your acids are hostile to digestion: had I fed on such corrosive aliment how had I been such a *column* of respectability—(*laying his hands on his stomach, as was his frequent custom.*)

Skein.—You are more like a cupola than a column.

Tunzey.—Ha—ah!—there is rotundity attached to me; while thou—thou art a mere *right line*.

Skein.—You eat so much, you'll breed a famine.

Tunzey.—I do the trader in provision service; while thou starvest him as well as thyself: why, there's scarcely room in thy carcase—carcase! did I say?—it's a skeleton—a theme of thinness; a consumptive eel would be straightened, when stretched out at length within such a knitting sheath.

Skein.—I would *n't* be the glutton you are for the world.

Tunzey.—Why thou makest fasting *familiar* as our friend Squibb's *original* thoughts. No—I am not a glutton—my capacity is *large*, (*his hands on his stomach*) so I feed *fair*—not voraciously—my regular meals are—four—substantial—I require it.

Skein.—Then you are always taking what you call *snaps*.

Tunzey.—To help digestion, by expelling flatulency—for 'tis not *all* mortal substance that you see here—no, no, friend Skein, I am bloated with wind—blown like a bladder.

Skein.—Then it must be the bladder of Behemoth.

Tunzey.—Ha—ah! thou art witty—'tis a lean man's *mode*; spare diet being the *essential*—'tis a grace *before* dinner, sharp and short; but *after* dinner, drowsy and inanimate.

Skein.—Your belly is your shame.

Tunzey.—Thy belly is thy backbiter; which, punning on thy scarcity of *corporation*, would prick thee down recorder of *Hungerford*—but come—the turtle will be waiting; and the venison spoiled—it's the finest haunch I ever saw; in prime order, for Mistress Tunzey has kept it three weeks longer than I thought it possible.

Skein.—Then it's possible she may keep it three weeks longer still for me.

Tunzey.—Fine! fine! fine! ha—ah.

[*Exeunt Tunzey and Skein.*]

Tunzey, setting aside his enormous feeding, was a worthy man; humane, charitable, and good-tempered, as well as good-natured: which is not always the case; he took much pains to instruct me; for having had a handsome fee, he thought he ought to do something to deserve it—Isn't that odd? at any rate it's a singularity, not often copied, and he and Mrs. Tunzey, and Miss Tunzey—"hah! Miss Tunzey"—what then?—she was not—Violetta—they all did every thing to make me comfortable, while I endeavoured to return their attentions by being unremitting in my own. Welford was as happily situated as myself; Skein was a widower, and childless; and his house was kept by his maiden sister, Esther;

who had arrived at the age of forty without troubling her head about “ the creatures ;” for she was actually an old maid by choice ; as five different matches which she refused could testify ; although one would have ensured her her coach ; two a gig and footman, at least ; one the gig without the footman, and the other, the footman without the gig. “ Marriage is a lottery,” said Esther, “ and I never was lucky at games of chance ; men are riddles, and I hate to be puzzled ; children are cares, and I am fond of comforts ; besides, I find it difficult enough to please myself ; and what would it be, if I had a man fellow to please also ? no, no—let the rest of the world tie themselves up, if they please ; give me freedom and fair play.” And certainly she enjoyed both ; her only care at her brother’s house being, to please herself in what way she chose ; and her choice, as she was very easily

pleased, was no great matter of perplexity.

Tunzey and Skein were two of a triumvirate ; of sworn friends ; the third of whom, or, to use his own words, one of the *three triumvirates*, was Mr. TIRLOGH O'ROURKE ; what one might call a *racy* Irishman ; a good companion, and a benevolent man. He was a stock-broker ; had an office in town, but lived in the environs ; very handsomely ; and was the life of the neighbourhood in which he resided. More of him may be better learned from his own story, written by himself ; the manuscript of which, he one day lent me to read, I having the honour to be a kind of confidential favourite with him ; and, as a prelude to his action in this drama, I will present a transcript of his memoirs to my readers ; for which purpose we will finish this chapter ; for though O'Rourke was no *dean*, I see no reason why he should not have a *chapter* to himself.

CHAP. X.

THE life and lucubrations, with *other* matters not worth mentioning of Mr. TIRLOGH O'ROURKE, Esq., an Irishman by birth, and an Englishman by profession; with many other adventures much in point, though foreign to the purpose; which are left out, being too tedious to mention; written by himself, in the hand of his amanuensis; with marginal notes, by way of index, at the end of the work.

TO THE READER.

SIR,

(May be it's *Ma'am*, though,)

I was born, every bit of me, one day; *when*, don't matter; and *where's* not

mentioned at the present writing, for a future reason, to be given. Biography, or, the history of a man's own life, though written by any body else, is a very beneficial study ; because it enables a man to see another man's looking-glass in his own face ; and what feature he finds amiss in it to rectify from *reflection*. Nobody certainly, is so fit to write a man's life as his own-self ; being sometimes, though not always, his own intimate acquaintance ; and being rather more in *the secret* than another ; but, as it's always best wait the wind-up of the play before we give an account of the parts of it, a man had better make his own life a posthumous work ; whether he write it in person, or by proxy. As a countryman of mine, which every body knows—and that's the reason I tell it ; for it's the fashion never to have enough of a good thing—as a countryman of mine said, “ A posthumous work is a work which a man writes after he is dead,” I thought

proper to follow his opinion in *my* practice ; not that I *am* actually dead, but this *posthumous* work of mine is written after the term of my *life*, properly so called ; because we are only said to live while we *see* LIFE, and not when we have buried ourselves in the country, or in town ; in a glen or in a garret ; in an hermitage or on Horsley Down, or some such outlandish place ; not that I have buried myself in either, having *tiled* myself in beneath the *slates* of a snug cabin, with the customary pig and potatoe garden ;—I say *customary*, because the English can form no notion of an Irishman's enjoying the “*otium cum dignitate*” without a pig in the parlour, and a potatoe garden, by way of an out-house. Well, having buried myself, after having departed not *this*, but *that*, life which I led in the gay world, I thought it proper to sit down and write my own life ; that no more falsehoods might be told of me than were tolerable ;

for a man has not much convenience for backbiting himself; and that a little more truth might be told of me than it might be agreeable for others to tell.

Be it known to all whom it may concern, and a pretty concern it may turn out, that *I*, Mr. Tirlogh O'Rourke, commonly, or rather *uncommonly*, written down *Esquire*, by all who have favours to ask;—was born on the 29th of February; having but one birth-day to my back in the time everybody else has four; and by which reason I keep the anniversary of it every four years, because there is but one out of the four to which *I* can possibly belong; and though I am at this writing sixty years old by common calculation, I don't see how I can arithmetically be out of my *teens*; for dividing 60 by 4 leaves 15, undoubtedly my proper age: though, by way of a bull, and what's an Irishman without one? my eldest child is now more than that age, and the one

that died is two years older than he. The affair of my birth-day being settled by a beautiful equivocation, (and that's a "figure of rhetoric" in most conversations), and as clearly to be understood as any law quibble possibly can be, and that is as we distinguish colours by twilight, I proceed to the place of my birth; and that place was *Cork* itself, the darling! yes; there was I born, of my own proper parents no doubt, and *dacent* people they were, as myself's the proof. Who my father was, or who my mother was not, is a matter about which much might be said, but for the *ould* proverb, 'Least said, *et cetera*.'

My father was—tunder and turf, Tirlogh, who was he? He was my father to be sure, by *rason* of the oath my mother took before the magistrate, for the purpose of its being ascertained who was to provide for me; and he turned out to be one *Tirlogh O'Connor*, a tight lad enough, and worthy, in point

of many essentials, the choice my mother had made of him for a sweetheart, though not so worthy on other accounts; the principal of which was, his following up the character of a “gay deceiver” by *desertion*, when he *listed* in the army, and marched off to the East Indies; leaving my mother big with more than apprehension that she’d never see him again. She never did, so she might as well have kept her oath in her pocket for any assistance it was to the parish officers; for the only purpose it answered was to prove I had a father; which they were rather inclined to believe without it; and that he had a name, after which I was christened, *Tirlogh*.

My mother, Judy Byrne, was chambermaid in the same inn in the city of Cork—and they sold excellent wine there, and proper measure, so they did; for, sure, in Ireland we pack three pints into a quart bottle; and here they pack a quart into a pint and a half, so they do.

My mother, I say, was chambermaid in the same inn where my father was waiter; and for my mother's sake I needn't say more, but, that having no right to my father's name by law, and it being wished to save my mother's shame a *living* reproach upon her folly, by perpetuating her family name in myself, I was registered

TIRLOGH O'ROURKE,

Son of Tirlogh O'Connor and Judy
Byrne.

This passed in Ireland by virtue of a *bull*, not papal, but parochial; I was popped into the keeping of a parish nurse, at parish *pay*; and that, though an *old* concern, is mighty *small* of its age, all over Ireland, England, and Scotland, and all other civilized and *liberal* nations.

My mother soon paid the debt of nature; but I never heard that my father ever paid any debts at all, at all: for the

last debt, a tiger in the jungle, near Calcutta, saved him the trouble of paying; releasing him from all debts, duns, and other *detainers*, by virtue of an *habeas corpus*; as well as a *caput mortuum*, a new term in law; or, in plain English or plain Irish, or what you will, after having snapped off his head, breakfasted on his body; so there was I, left all alone in the wide world, like a widowed orphan as I was, with neither father nor mother to my back; and small taste of any thing for my belly, saving butter-milk and *paraties*: and now and then a sup from my nurse's whiskey *naggin*; for she was inclined to the *cratur*, and thought it no bad *mother's milk*, in *raison*, for either man, woman, or child.

Thus, having come into the world by accident, I had nearly gone out of it by the same sort of casualty way, by *raison* of many an hair-breadth escape, and quarrel between myself and the pig for the stray *paraties*. I certainly grew up

by accident; for neither care nor comfort had any hand in my rearing; and how I got reared at all is at least but *another* equivocal conclusion.

Perhaps you never heard of Thady O'Shaughnessy?—wait awhile, and I'll introduce him to you. He was descended from a long line of *dacent* ancestors; and who doesn't know that the name of O'Shaughnessy stands high in the annals of fame, fortune, honour, and hospitality? Now Thady identified all these in his own identical person, save and except Fortune, the jade! for the family estates had by degrees emigrated out of the connexion; and by the time Thady became heir at law to them, not an heir loom was left, save one possession; which, being mortgaged for more than it was worth, brought *Thady* a title without any deeds to it—at least any that he could get hold of; which leaving him nothing for himself to live on, and less to leave to his children,

he wouldn't marry that they might not be disappointed. In short, the mortgagee foreclosed, the estate went; and Thady would have gone too, but that his Aunt Biddy went, in the right time, to sleep with her mother and sisters and the rest of her fathers; and left Thady what he called a *weekly annuity*; which was a decent property, so tied up, that Thady could only receive it by weekly instalments; and could never alienate it by *rason* it was to go to another branch of the family, whenever he paid a visit to his Aunt Biddy: and it was provided also, that if he mortgaged these weekly payments, he was to lose all interest in them whatever: Aunt Biddy's intention being, as she expressed herself, that there should always be coming to Thady, every Monday morning, as often as it came in the week, *ten Irish pounds*; whereby he might live *dacently*, like a gentleman as he was, and in no disgrace to the name

of O'Shaughnessy: and lucky it was; for Thady's heart was as soft as his head: whereby, some sly usurer, but for this precaution, had certainly got possession of it, by administering to Thady's whims and calls, till he would have had no further *call* to the property; and have had nothing left but his whims to comfort him.

Among the whims, or *capers*, as we call them in Ireland, which Thady exhibited, was one, which, however any body else might appreciate it, for myself I thought a very sensible one; for it was neither more nor less than taking a fancy to myself when I was about nine years old by his calculation, or, two years and a quarter by my own; and, as it did happen, it won't be amiss to tell how."—

But not now, reader—as you may be impatient to know, by this time, something more of Violetta—I mean my history—but Violetta, in spite of every

thing, will be uppermost in my mind ; so, I will dismiss Mr. O'Rourke for the present, and introduce him again at a more convenient season.

CHAP. XI.



IN London, naturally, ten thousand attractive objects dazzled my fancy ; and ten thousand inconsistencies puzzled my reason ; every body said they were too poor to pay taxes, and therefore lived like nabobs ; every body said the nation was ruined ; therefore, (from sympathy, I suppose) seem determined to ruin themselves. Every body cried shame upon the churches being neglected ; and yet never went to see whether they were neglected or not. Every body said the stage was degraded, yet applauded most the pieces that were most exceptionable. Every body talked of the beauty of consistency ; yet every body ran after every thing,—a new actor, or

a new preacher, or a new rope-dancer, had equal attraction ; and a learned pig attracted as full audiences as a learned lecturer—Is'nt it odd? I thought it so.

Every body decried party, yet every body belonged to a party. I was puzzled, and began to think the Ancients more consistent at any rate than the Moderns. However I stuck close to business, and made a tolerable proficiency in a little time. Welford and I, when business was over, were inseparable ; he was always at Mr. Tunzey's, and bringing Mrs. and Miss Tunzey tickets for the opera, or play, or ball ; or any exhibition to which he could obtain permission to accompany them ; and (I suppose, it was in compliment to my superior gravity ; for he had a delicate way of paying compliments when he chose) he always left me to squire Mrs. T. ; who was a sensible woman ; while he, *modestly*, put up with the

trifling conversation of Miss T.—Isn't it odd?——

“ There are five orders of architecture,” said *Tunzey*, “ the *Tuscan*, the *Doric*, the *Ionian*, the *Corinthian*, and the *Composite*.

The *Tuscan* admits of no ornament, and is like a round of beef—ha—ah!—without the garnish of carrot or any esculent whatever; and its simplicity is like boiled veal without salt—bah!

The *Doric* is, you see, something like it; but there is garnish to the sirloin—ha—ah!

The *Ionic*, with its volutes, here, like ram's horns; which bring to my mind the *horn of plenty*; and by an easy and obvious transition from a ram's head to any other, my imagination feasts upon calf's head—ha—ah! The flutings of the pillar, like the long hollow ridge in a marrow spoon, are glorious emblems of fatness; and put me in mind of marrow

pudding ;—we shall have one at dinner, I believe—(*bawling*) Mistress Tunzey, don't forget the marrow pudding—ha—ah !

The *Corinthian Capital* wants the solidity of the others ; reminding me only of *salads, endive, and celery*, and such dinner fringe.

The *Composite* may be called an architectural *salmagundi*—a mixture of all sorts. I hate *salmagundies*, unless they be fish, flesh, and fowl, in regular succession ; with a pasty for an *entremet* : and light game, the bones of which may serve to pick your teeth, between the courses : a marrow pudding for a mollifier : then, indeed, with a real Stilton, your salads may come in, and welcome, to stimulate the appetite for the dessert—pines, grapes, and peaches—a mellon, too, isn't amiss : I always eat it with pepper and salt—I love things savoury—ha—ah ! I hope, Mrs. Tunzey has not forgot the marrow pudding.”

“ I heard her order it, sir,” said I.—
“ She’s a good creature,” replied he ;
“ but, speaking of architecture, remark
this beautiful ruin”—We heard a great
smash. “ What’s that ?” he cried. Soon
after Miss Tunzey came in ;—“ What
was that noise, child ?”—“ Only the
marrow pudding fell down.”—“ Only !
Only !” vociferated he, “ Only ? the ruins
of Balbec, and the fall of Palmyra ! the
marrow pudding ! Is it *all* lost ?”—“ Every
bit in the ashes, Pa.”—“ Zounds and the
——,” exclaimed he, and off he waddled
to assure himself of the fate of the mar-
row pudding.—Isn’t it odd ?

Caroline Tunzey laughed. “ Laws,
what a fuss Pa makes about a marrow
pudding !” said she. “ It matters not,”
said I, “ whether it be an empire, or an
emmet’s nest ; a marquise or a marrow
pudding ; where the affections are fixed
there do the solitudes tend ; and had
Socrates thought the great desideratum
of philosophy a marrow pudding, he

would, in a similar case, have exclaimed *dii inferni*, or something like it.

“ What are you talking about ? ” said Caroline. “ The ruling passion,” said I, “ which Pope advances and Johnson ridicules.”—

“ Who shall decide, when doctors disagree ? ”

“ The patient,” said Welford, as he entered the room, “ by dismissing them all, and giving himself some chance of recovery.”

The ruling passion governs all, says Pope. The ruling passion is—*nonsense*, says Johnson, “ pernicious as well as false.” “ Pope,” says he, “ has formed his theory with so little skill, that in the examples by which he illustrates and confirms it, he has confounded passions, appetites and habits.”—“ The poet was not sufficiently master of his subject ; metaphysical morality was to him a new study. Supposing himself master of great secrets, he was in haste to teach what he had not learned.” So much for

the ruling passion. Now I had always sided with Johnson, till I loved Violetta, and then I felt the full force of the “*Ruling Passion*:—isn’t it odd? How’s this? thought I—only an exception to the general rule. Pope certainly irradiated a glow-worm with sun-beams; Johnson did not mean that it was a *not being*, as the logicians say, or a nonentity, as you and I would say, reader. *But*—that it was *only* a glow-worm.

“Do you think,” said I, “Welford”—I turned round—he was gone; Caroline was gone too! I looked out of the window, they were walking—arm in arm, in the garden. Very rude, thought I, to leave me in so unceremonious a manner; that fellow’s head is so full of that girl, he thinks of nothing else. Paper and pens were on the table. I sat down to write—an essay on *folly*; and began, unconsciously, “O *Violetta*!” fell into long train of reflections upon the *sweet* subject: and was quite involved in

a reverie upon *Violetta and Valentines*; when Tunzey entering, bawled out as he came in, “Marmaduke.” “*Violetta and Valentines*,” bawled I, unpremeditatedly, *as loud*. “Are you mad?” said he, (we had to survey a field;) “Where’s the *chain*?” said he. “You *broke* it,” thought I; and it was so sweet a chain; every link lovely. A *sigh*, a *tear*, a *frown*, a *smile*, a *blush*, and a—*kiss*, formed one length of the chain, which wound round my heart, and linked my thoughts together,—what delicious captivity!

A *Sigh’s* a whisper of the heart,
When some secret in its keeping,
(Which mars its waking and its sleeping,)

It fears, yet labours, to impart.
For, O that secret is it’s toy :
Nursling of grief, tho’ still half-twin to joy.

A *Tear’s* the herald-gem of grief,
Which—when the heart surcharg’d, o’erflowing,
In a dissolving swoon is going—

Gushes complaint, and gives relief.
Then ceases grief her keen annoy ;
A balmy-sweet libation ’tis to joy.

A *Frown's* the low'ring of the mind ;
 A cloud of tempest-charg'd disdaining ;
 The heart's defiance ; oft a feigning ;
 An April-sky cloud ; wanton blind,
 Which wary fondness will employ,
 Lest hope, too quickly blest, too lightly value joy.

A *Smile's* the lovely radiance of the soul ;
 Like spring, all-exquisite and genial, beaming ;
 A ray of Paradise : light of love's dreaming ;
 Speaking with dimpled sweetness ; to control
 The fear too sensitive ; destroy
 All that shall sport with hope ; then sweetly
 welcome joy.

A *Blush* is, when inflam'd the heart,
 Its angry atmosphere's reflection ;
 Or, playful lightning of affection,
 Such as do summer eves impart ;
 Too soft, too transient, to annoy,—
 Or, 'tis the bloomy richness of ingenuous joy.

A *Kiss*—can it's identity be given ?
 It is the amplitude of sweetness,
 'Tis the soul's blessing, joy's completeness :
 'Tis music, magic : and a moment's heav'n.
 'Tis peace, 'tis plenty : love without alloy,
 'Tis, from the lip of truth, a sweeter thing
 than joy.

Yet—there are sighs of despair ; tears of anguish ; smiles of derision ; frowns of kindness ; blushes of shame ; and kisses of deceit—isn't it odd ?

CHAP. XII.

My father and old Welford came up to town, to see *how the lads went on*. There was feasting, and frolicking ; and—every thing but business minded, the few days they staid.

“ What’s the best news in London ? ” said my father at dinner one day. “ *Provisions are falling,* ” ha—ah ! said Tunzey. “ *It’s term-time,* ” said Skein : “ *There’s a new opera,* ” said Mrs. Tunzey. “ *There’s a tax upon bachelors,* ” said Miss Skein, [There was in those days—*pity it was ever taken off,*” says Miss Everbloom.] “ *There’s a new fashioned bonnet come out,* ” said Caroline. “ *One shall come in,* for I’ll present you one,” said—no—thought Bob, I saw it in his looks. “ *How plentiful*

violets are,” said I. Old Welford grinned to himself, and winked to his son, and then said to him, (for me to hear,—I suppose,) “Do you know, Bob, there be some talk of Miss Valentine marrying a *barrow* knight.” “Marmaduke,” said Tunzey, “will you have a *quietus*?” offering me a glass of brandy after my fish; “I have had one already,” thought I, but I was out of spirits, so I drank it. “Yes,” said my father, “*Sir Lionel Lovel* made princely proposals. Old Valentine could not prudently decline them, and Violetta has too much good sense to slight so advantageous an offer.” “She has accepted it then,” thought I. “What’s the play to-night,” called out Mrs. Tunzey; “*Love’s labour lost*,” answered I. Young Welford and Caroline looked at me, together, and then at each other. “Wine, round,” said Tunzey, “and let’s drink Lady Lovel.” “Lady Lovel,” exclaimed I, emphatically, my heart revolted; my whole

nervous system was in league with my heart; the organs of deglutition were in compact with the nervous system. The Madeira was as likely to reach the place it came from, as the place to which it was meant to go. "Bless me," said Caroline, "Marmaduke's choking." Old Welford slapped my back—I escaped choking. "There was a *fly* in the glass," said I, "A *gad* fly," said Bob. "Dear me," said Mrs. Tunzey, "there *is* something in the glass—I do believe its an *ant*." "I was choked by your *cousin*," thought I.

"By-the-by," said Mrs. Tunzey, "Mr. Tunzey has had a handsome proposal made him for Caroline." Caroline blushed, and Old Welford, asking his son to fill his glass, he filled it, (looking at Caroline instead of at the bottle,) out of the nearest glass vehicle at hand: his father, who was talking to mine, took the glass, inattentively; and, having drank about half the contents, sputtered

away as much as I had done ; and I returned his slaps on the back with interest. " What's in the glass now ? " said Tunzey. " Vi—vi—vinegar, by gums," said old Welford, and tossed off a bumper of brandy. Bob begged pardon, and in his confusion, *battered* Miss Skein's greens, from the anchovy sauce boat. " Young man," said the old maid, " you are more *piquant* upon me than is agreeable." " O come," said Skein, " you are *sharp* enough upon every body else. I'm afraid Bob's in love," continued he, turning to old Welford, " for the other day he began a deed, I was employed to draw for a *female* benefit society, with " *Know all MEN by these presents.*" " I hope not," answered old Welford, there be more in the wind than he thinks for." " He seems troubled with the wind,—beg pardon, ladies,"—said Tunzey ; and indeed he appeared labouring under some *internal* ailment, and had recourse to brandy. " I'll give

you an old toast," said Skein, "the S's M's, and the M's happy, you 'll drink that?" turning to his sister; "yes," she said, "provided you don't include *me* among your S's." "Why," retorted he, "you are but a *crooked* concern, though none of the *serpentine* breed, I must allow; excuse me, I must have my joke, you know." "And *keep it to yourself*, too," said she. The servant announced Mr. Goldworthy, and Tunzey bustled out to introduce him. "A gentleman worth a *plum*," said Mrs. Tunzey. Old Welford's features exhibited a preparation of contemplative respect. My father's did not alter; he never considered the *gold*, but the quality of the gingerbread it *gilt*. Mrs. Tunzey looked delighted. Skein said to his sister, "Make up to him, Etty." Etty turned up her nose; Caroline helped young Bob to some "bleeding hearts,"—cherries, ladies,— "Bob thinks them superfluous," thought I. Tunzey ushered in Mr. Goldworthy,

who paid his respects in a more modest manner than I should have expected from a young man worth 100,000 pounds. He was the *pink of fashion*; a mixture of the courtier and the coxcomb. “*Hope, I disturb nobody?*” he simpered; which, to me, in such a case, always implies, *the introduction of a person of my consequence must put every body in a bustle*. Every body was in a bustle, and, whether by accident or design, I know not, he was seated by *Caroline*. Old Welford staring at him “*with all his eyes*;” Mrs. Tunzey most *delightfully* officious about him.—My father scrutinizing him to discover if the *plum* were palatable.

“I am proud of this honour, sir,” said Tunzey. “Oh, dont mention it,” simpered Mr. G., (implying—*how mortified I should have been if you had not mentioned it*.) “Red, or white wine, sir?” said Tunzey; “Whi—y (*prettily drawling*,) I—I—I think I ’ll mix them—and make *matrimony* of it, as I have the honour to

drink the ladies." Mrs. Tunzey was quite tickled with his *wit*, and giggled approbation, with " I 'm sure the ladies are proud of the compliment." " Not I," *looked* Miss Skein. Caroline was looking at the *bleeding* hearts; and Welford having handed her a *plate* of *plums*, she said peevishly, " you know I don't like 'em." Mr. Goldworthy simpering, begged the honour of assisting her to wine, adding, " Perhaps *you* prefer *matrimony* !" with an affected laugh. " It depends upon who offers it, sir," she replied, rather *mift*,—he looked rather *mift* too; Mrs. T. very grave; Tunzey almost as if another marrow-pudding had fallen. " It won't do," *looked* my father. " The girl 's a fool," *looked* old Welford. " A writ of error," *looked* Skein. " Bravo, girl," *looked* Miss Skein: Bob, *looked* very angry; I—I thought of Sir Lionel. The ladies withdrew, " They manage these things better in France," as Yorick says,

“ This bottle’s the sun of our table”—

“ may be very well in its way—but, for my part, I had rather that sun were put out than *put out* so many brilliant *constellations*—after dinner.”

In France, the ladies continue—the French are proverbial for politeness.

While the *sun* went its revolution, Tunzey and Goldworthy were engaged, whenever decency would allow, in a deep *confab*. Perhaps Goldworthy wanted a field surveyed, or a house erected; indeed Tunzey’s looks implied that he was already, mentally, *surveying his fields*; and *designing* the erection of a *family-house*. Our general conversation I can tell you nothing about; I asked young Welford, but he could tell no more than I; we were both lost—in a fog, I suppose—for I no more *saw* the company than I heard them—at times. My father once asked me when the Parliament met—I

started, and said "Valentine's day;"—Isn't it odd? We were called to tea and coffee—six times—and then—went!—"They manage these things better in France." "So, ladies," said Tunzey (meaning to be very witty, as he entered the drawing-room,) "while we were at the bottle, you were in your *cups*, ha, ah!" "Telling fortunes, I dare say," said Goldworthy. "You've hit it," replied Mrs. T., "but we sha'n't tell you what they were; only there's to be a wedding somewhere. "The sooner the better," returned the gentleman, "and who would not be proud to be the happy man?" looking languishingly at Caroline, with his hand on his breast, so that his diamond broach was the more conspicuous, as it was neighboured by a flaming diamond ring. "The wedding was in *my* cup," spitefully said Miss Skein;—"I wish you joy, madam," returned Goldworthy, "hope to have the honour of—*giving you away!*"—"The

escape would be delightful," returned Miss Skein, to the great embarrassment of the gentleman ; who, however, tittered it off. In short, Mr. G. *made so much* love all the evening to Caroline, that what all suspected before, was now confirmed ; that the advantageous offer had proceeded from him. We broke up, not quite so pleasantly as we met ; and my father and old Welford left town the next morning.

CHAP. XIII.

“ To-morrow's *Valentine's* day,” said I. A valentine of a most peculiar nature was brought by a livery servant, directed and delivered to Caroline, who opened it in her mother's presence. Instead of paper, it was white satin; in the centre was a *ruby heart*, set round with diamonds; and a necklace, earrings, and bracelets, *en suite*, were affixed to, and disposed upon, the *satin*, round the heart in a fanciful manner, to form the border, and decorations of the valentine. Cupids, and darts, and altars, and doves, and true lovers' knots, and other nonsenses, were *painted* in appropriate places, and the residue was filled up with rhyme, possessing as little reason as *such poetry* generally

does possess. “Bless me, how valuable!” said Mrs. Tunzey, “and how gallant! it must have come from Mr. Goldworthy; he has the spirit of a prince; ah! child, you are in luck, if any body ever was; here, my dear,” to Tunzey, who entered, “see what a *valentine* Caroline has received.” “Ha—ah!” said Tunzey, “it’s a *feast of delicious things*.”

Caroline seemed to have no *appetite*. Mr. Goldworthy was announced, and Caroline left the room; leaving the valentine upon the table. What passed when Goldworthy entered I don’t know, for I left the room, too; went out upon Tunzey’s business, and when I returned, saw that Caroline had been crying.

“Parents have flinty hearts,”

flashed across my mind; for I could have no notion of any other cause for her tears, than Goldworthy—“she refused the valentine no doubt, thought

I—and—I wonder if Violetta would refuse such a one from Sir Lionel.”

In the evening young Welford came, as *usual*, with tickets for the play; Mrs. Tunzey was out; Miss Tunzey was not at home; Bob seemed *abroad* too, I was both abroad and at home—there seemed something like cross purposes in Caroline’s going out when she knew Welford was coming; and Mrs. Tunzey being denied to *every* body, till *after* he was gone: Bob and I went to the play together; the entertainment—no—beg pardon, it was no *entertainment* to us—we were both so—I *don’t know how—ish*—the play, then, was *Lover’s Vows*, and the farce, the *Devil to Pay*; isn’t it odd?—we seated ourselves in a back seat, and Caroline and Violetta, you may be sure, engrossed all our conversation—I told him the circumstance of the valentine—he sighed—the box-door opened, and two dashing young men, seeing the box full, blocked up the door, talking toge-

ther in a tone calculated to interrupt our attention to the performance ; and a style which appeared particularly to annoy two young ladies, who sat before us, with a youth about twelve. Welford and I were both in the humour to become knights-errant to beauty in distress—indeed we were out of humour enough to quarrel with any body. “ I’ll thank you to shut the door, Gentlemen,” said Welford, tartly ; “ He—y ? ” said one of them, with an impudent stare. “ I’ll thank you to shut the door,” said I, peremptorily—“ O—h ! ” replied he, with a peculiar emphasis, and *easy* tone. “ The box is full,” replied I, “ and you annoy the ladies,” “ O—h ! ” replied the puppy—Bob and I are in the *watch-house*, reader : “ and the *gentlemen* ? ” O—h ! Lord Frimble and Sir *Lionel Lovel*—“ *Sir Lionel Lovel* ? ” Even so—their rank procured them liberation immediately. Bob and I wrote to our masters ; they were both out ; and our

letters were not opened till one in the morning; they had been to a party together; and they thought a night's lodging where we were would tame our spirits a little—so they resolved to visit us early in the morning.

“How came the affair to end in the watch-house?” — “I’ll tell you. “*O—h!*” replied the puppy; “Don’t be impertinent,” cried I; they both burst into a horse-laugh; I was just going to drive them from the door, when several gentlemen called, “Box keeper, shut the door and keep out intruders,” and they walked, laughing, away; one of the gentlemen saying, when they were gone, “They are Lord Frimble, and Sir Lionel Lovel”—“I’ll not lose sight of *him*,” thought I, and was going out, when two young men, who sat on the seat with Welford and me, removing, their places were immediately supplied by the titled coxcombs, Sir L. saying, “there’s room now my lord;” and then

he called out impudently ; “ *Box keeper, shut the door and keep out intruders.*” “ So, it’s Sir Lionel,” said I to Welford ; “ I wish t’ other was Goldworthy,” said he, “ for I see we shall have a *set-too* before the night’s over.” They began to be very troublesome to the young ladies before us ; who looked round, with an interesting distress, which asked protection. “ Gentlemen,” said I, “ unless you desist from interrupting these ladies” — “ Wha—at ?” said one of them, I didn’t know which, *then*—“ We shall be under the necessity of interfering ;” “ O—h ?” said the other as before ; the farce was just over—the young ladies and the boy, hurried out, not without an attempt made by his lordship and his companion, to obstruct them ; but Bob and I conducted them to the lobby, and offered our services to protect them home, which they declined, and hurried away ; the two titled coxcombs left the Box, and posted after the girls : we followed ;

they had overtaken them, and were rudely forcing themselves into their company, when we came up; our offer of protection was repeated, and accepted by the terrified fair ones; and my lord and Sir Lionel followed us, talking about Quixotes, and distressed damsels; and the one said to the other, "Lionel, which do you take for Sancho Pança of these two?" "*Cuss* me," said Sir L. (whom I *now* ascertained,) "if I know; the fellow who told me not to be impertinent seems the most vulgar."

We stopped at the door to which we were directed; saw the ladies safely in; received their thanks; and then joined his Lordship and Sir Lionel, who stopped for us.—"Now, gentlemen," said Welford, "as we have disposed of the ladies, it's time to dispose of you."—"O—h!" said Sir Lionel.—"Who the devil are you?" said my Lord.—"*Gentlemen*," replied I; "and I wish we could say the same of you."—"O—h!"

repeated Sir Lionel.—“ *Fi—ne !*” said my Lord, drawlingly—“ your cards, if you please”—he and Sir L. each offering one.—Welford and I were not fashionable enough to carry cards. “ We have none about us,” answered I ; “ nor is there any occasion for postponing what shall certainly be settled on the spot.”—“ Ay, on the spot,” cried a mob who had collected.—“ A ring ! a ring ! fair play and a ring !”—*O—h !*” said Sir Lionel, coolly,—“ *Fi—ne !*” said my Lord,—and they put themselves into boxing attitudes ; for they were both more athletic than Bob and I, and appeared to presume upon it ; but presumption generally meets with a check ; and my Lord soon lay in the kennel, through the prowess of Welford ; while Sir Lionel got as good a thrashing as I could possibly give him in so short a time ; for the guardians of the night appearing, the business concluded, as I have before related. Bob and I passed

no pleasant night; though I was not sorry I had thrashed Sir Lionel; and Bob *was* sorry that my Lord had not been Goldworthy. Early in the morning came Tunzey and Skein—both looking *very* angry,—and I remarked that Tunzey scarcely spoke to Welford. “Young man,” said Tunzey to me, “I must have no more of this—it won’t do.”—

“My dear Sir,” said I, “we were at the theatre: two impertinent coxcombs behaved in a very gross manner to two unprotected females; and had you been in my situation, and such a brute had intruded unmanly conduct upon a modest unprotected girl, what would you have done?”—“Knocked him down, to be sure.”—“That’s just what I did,” said I.—“O,” said he, “if that’s all, why it’s worth lying in the watch-house for having had the pleasure of doing it—Give your hand; you’re the son of your father, I see—and who was the fellow?”—“Sir Lionel Lovel,” said I, with tri-

umph.—“ I’m sorry for it,” said he.—
“ Sorry ?” said I.—“ Not sorry that you
knocked him down ; but that Cousin
Valentine is likely to have such a hus-
band—such a match is white bait—
Ha—ah ! and rancid butter—Bah !”

Welford had received the approval of
Skein ; and we set off to the magistrate,
where the *other gentlemen* soon after
made their appearance. The watch-
men made their complaint, that we had
been very riotous, and would not dis-
perse, notwithstanding their commands
and entreaties. One had his coat torn ;
another lost his hat ; and a third had
been knocked down. Welford and I
told our story : and when the magistrate
inquired, who *we* were (the *titles* he was
in possession of—), and it was under-
stood that I was articled to a surveyor,
and Bob to a lawyer. Sir Lionel said,
“ O—h !” my Lord, “ *Fi—ne !*” The
magistrate observed, that *rank* was no

distinction in cases where the laws were violated ; and as our opponents were the original aggressors, and the cause of the whole ; and as *they* had *maltreated* the watchmen, *we* having only been refractory,—that *they* must satisfy the watchmen, and all parties pay *their* fees. “ *O—h !*” said Sir L.—“ *Fi—ne !*” said my Lord. The watchmen made their demand, and were paid ; and Sir L. and my Lord sauntered out together ; while our party returned each to their homes, where I received the praise of Mrs. Tunzey for my spirited behaviour ; as did Welford those of Miss Skein. Caroline, I found had gone in the country for a day or two, to a friend who had sometime before invited her ; and three days passed without Welford’s calling on us ; while I was so busily employed with Tunzey, in finishing some plans of importance, that I had not an opportunity of stirring out. I observed, when-

ever I "*wondered* Welford had not called," to Mrs. T., she turned the conversation to some other subject, or said nothing.—Isn't it odd?—"There's something in the wind," said I.—

CHAP. XIV.



I *saw* something in the wind as I sat in the office—a paper descended from an upper window; and fluttered—fluttered—like the heart of expectation; till at length, it reached the ground; from which my curiosity induced me to raise it: it was part of a letter, or, rather, the copy of a letter, in the hand-writing of Caroline; left carelessly, I supposed, upon the window and forgotten; no matter, I secured it: and read all that the *irregularly torn* fragments contained, as follows:—

De Ro ert
I scarce kn
it is useless to pers
for the wishes of my
what you will think
c ricious, to ex

Ah, there it is, said I, Goldworthy is certainly chosen, and my poor friend dismissed—I saw through it in a moment; isn't it odd?—I made up the deficiency in *fancy*, as subjoined:—

“ Dear Robert,

I scarce kn|ow how to tell you that it is useless to pers|everere in your suit; for the wishes of my|parents forbid it: what you will think|of a conduct so capricious, to ex|cuse which I don't know how,” must have followed, thought I, for how could she excuse it?

It is as I thought, said I, Caroline has consented to receive Goldworthy as a suitor; and having broken the ice to Welford, has *broken the neck* of the business (a *common phrase*, reader,) by going out of town; to avoid him, and receive his rival in the country. Shall I show it to him? *yes*:—second thoughts are best—*no*:—but—nonsense, why trouble

my head about it; when he has the original? and if by any unaccountable circumstance, he has not, why should *I* be the “*good-natured friend*” officiously to wound him?

Did you never discover, reader, that bad tidings have *wings*—good tidings *tight shoes*?—it certainly must be so; the one arrives so quickly, the other lags so tardily—then your “*good-natured friends*” are so anxious to let you know the bad in preference to the good—Why?—it must be, because it gives them an opportunity to exercise that beautiful Christian virtue *pity*—it is so *kind* in them. It is said that the best cure for the sting or bite of a scorpion, is to crush the venomous reptile upon the wound. Now the haste which these *friends* make to be the first to inform you of any *reverse*; and in its *full* force—for when you know the *worst*, and nothing is left to conjecture, you are the better prepared to resist it—now ill-

natured, *uncharitable*, people will be apt to say, that their haste to tell you that which is bad, is the infliction of the scorpion's sting—but, allowing this—is not their kind commiseration and pity crushing the scorpion upon the wound? To be sure, it is *said* also, that the remedy is not *infallible*—but what remedy is? and you must not illiberally fancy their little aggravations of circumstances arise from any wish to torture your feelings—O dear, no—they arise from the pious wish to exercise your fortitude (as you will have full occasion for it in their company, at any rate,) by trying your patience.

Is it friendly to keep a man in the dark when you can bring him light?—*No*,—but when that light is only meant to make the darkness *visible*, or to stream upon *weak* eyes, I would pause—I determined not to shew it to Welford. I saw him at Skein's the fourth evening—
“ I thought you lay under an interdic-

tion as well as myself," said he,—“ How do you mean?” said I,—“ I have received (said he) an intimation from the Tunzeys, through Mr. Skein, that they have discovered the attachment existing between Caroline and me; and as it is totally contradictory to their wishes and her welfare, they requested, at present, for my own sake as well as Caroline's, I would forego my visits.” “ And you thought I was *requested* not to visit *you*,” said I. “ Why, no, not seriously (said he); but I thought you would have called, not seeing *me*.” I satisfied him on that particular, and he said, “ Have you heard any thing of Violetta?” “ No,” said I.—Mr. Fubbs walked into the office! “ Is Mr. Skein here, gentlemen?” said he, in a stately manner; “ The wig and the ditch,” thought I, “ How d'ye do, Mr. Fubbs?” said I,—“ Pretty well, thank ye, sir,”—half-grumbled he.—Welford called Skein—then he and I left them together, and wandered, dull

enough, upon the banks of the New River—"to drown ourselves?"—we did not drown ourselves.

"Men have died from time to time, but not for love," says Shakspeare,—yet it is *odd* what strange effects amorous vexations produce. I knew a man who, whenever he quarrelled with his *angel*, ate double the quantity he did at any other time. There are many who *double* their potations; but commend me to the lover who, whenever he quarrelled with his mistress, always made love to her maid; whom he made believe that he only sought her mistress's company to have an opportunity of seeing *her*; however, at last, *both* the *ladies* began to have "*an idea*," (as Ennui says,) and the lover another; viz., of being found out, which he was; each *lady* forgave the gentleman; for each thought *she* was the real favourite; but they never forgave each other.—Isn't it odd?

Welford and I strolled along the banks

of the New River, fully prepared to—*fish*; and *what did you catch?*—*cold*;—on our return home we saw Fubbs coming towards us;—“Love is madness,”—then all lovers must be madmen—all madmen are fond of mischief.—“There’s Fubbs,” said I; “Let’s play him a trick,” said Welford,—“*How d’ye do again, sir?*” said we,—“Had any sport?” said he: he was an excellent angler, and took great pride in it; “No. Will you like to try this stream, as it is still light; I know you’re a good hand at the fly,” said I,—“With all my heart,” said he, flattered by the compliment. He took Welford’s rod, and I threw in on the opposite side of the stream (having crossed a bridge about one hundred yards below us). Fubbs, as was his custom, gathered some dock-leaves and put them in his hat, to receive the fish he caught; by this means his wig was deprived of its covering, which favoured my mischievous intention. I kept throw-

ing about, and casting in, awkwardly. He called out "Marmaduke, I always told you, you was too awkward for an angler, you don't cast in properly." At this instant I had so managed, that my hook (I had purposely put on a very large one) caught in his wig; and, instantly it was sailing "adown the lucid stream." Rage seized him, and, he stooping to draw his wig towards him with his rod, over-reached himself, and his footing being lost, he accompanied his wig. It was serious now; I plunged headlong in, and by the assistance of Welford, got him out. *More* than apology was necessary; but necessity alone induced him to appear a *little* pacified for the moment: we took him to a house of entertainment near; the landlord of which I knew; he was an intimate acquaintance of Tunzey's; and he accommodated Fubbs and me with clothes; while ours, with the fatal wig, were put

to a large fire in the kitchen to dry. I ordered a hot supper, and plenty of rum toddy ; and, as the lateness of the hour might prevent the return of Fubbs and me to town, Bob went off ; promising to apprize Tunzey of the matter (for, tell him the real truth, he always made the best of an *accident* for you), and to inform them at the inn where Fubbs put up, that he would not return that night. When Bob went, I again apologized to Fubbs ; promised to repair all the damage his clothes and wig had sustained, and make him all the amends in my power ; but he sat sulky and sullen, till after the third glass of toddy, which I mixed in my best manner ; and a famous supper (I had bid the landlord not spare the cost,) coming in, his heart began to relent ; his features to relax ; he pulled off the night-cap they had lent him ; rubbed his bald pate (a custom he had when *coming too*, or when the little

black dog was departing,) and said—"Ah, boy; *this is no joke*;"—"Then let me give you this *merry* thought," said I; after having put a leg and two wings of a beautiful capon upon his plate; for he was a Tunzey at feeding. I plied the toddy; as he grew dry, he grew warm; as he grew warmer he grew hungry; as he ate he grew thirsty; as he drank he grew mellow; as he grew mellow, he grew merry—Merry heart bears no malice—we were friends—Is it odd?—at length, in the fullness of his heart, he said, "Ah, Marmaduke, you have played me many tricks; but I could repair them—I could bear jokes better than I can now, for fortune has played me a trick I cannot repair. "I don't know how it was, I never thought he looked amiable before; but he was afflicted; and when the heart is afflicted, the features to those who *have* hearts—I hope I had one—have always something

in them irresistibly attractive. “ My dear sir,” said I, “ are your misfortunes such, that my father or I can assist you in ? you may depend upon my zeal, and of my father’s good will.” He looked grave—“ Marmaduke,” said he, *school’s up*—the *Moderns* have ejected the *Ancients*—a competitor opposed me ; who taught every thing on a new plan (this was the earliest introduction of the Lancasterian plan). I ridiculed it ; and taught on in the good old way, till I had not a boy left to teach. His mode was cheap and expeditious ; but, if the parents paid little, the boys learnt little : yet it was shewy and imposing : mankind love to be imposed upon, and my old neighbours were like the rest of mankind ; under one pretence or other they quarrelled with me successively ; and consigned their children to the care of my rival. I never profited sufficiently to “ guard against a rainy day,” and so broke up as well as

the boys ; I was in debt, my landlord, who patronised my rival, seized for rent ; I applied in my dilemma to a few of my oldest acquaintance : they were all very sorry, and advised me to settle with my landlord by all means : I said I had *no* means : and asked them to *lend* : some said they wanted to borrow themselves ; others neither borrowed nor lent : and others promised to lend when I had paid off old scores. The auctioneer's hammer knocked my goods down, and me up : I left the neighbourhood, and here I am, trying to begin life again ; and a trying task it is." " Did you go to my father, or Welford, or Valentine ?" said I, " Valentine is grown proud," said he, " Welford is *not* liberal, and your father had gone farther into the country." My father kept me plentifully in pocket, I was no prodigal ; I had a twenty pound note then in my pocket-book—I placed

it instantly before him; he looked at *it*, then at *me*; tears started in his eyes: "You are the only human being who has befriended me," said he. "Wouldn't Skein?" said I, "He was a stranger to me," said he, "I could not ask him: and I only called on him about some law business for a neighbour." "I will write to my father," said I, "I will speak to Tunzey; I will speak to Skein; we'll see if we can't get you a school in London." I couldn't describe either his gratitude or his joy; he returned next morning to his inn with a cheerful heart: and I to Tunzey's with a satisfied mind: the two greatest blessings in nature.

I caught *cold*, as I told you, which occasioned me to confine myself at home for two or three evenings, during which I amused myself with commencing a *sort of description of London*: and you will find nothing like it in any pre-

ceding description ; to prove which, I shall give you—*only a few—extracts* from it ; so do not cry “ pish ! ” like my father.

CHAP. XV.

“LONDON,” observed I, in my description, is the *emporium* for *every thing*, good, bad, or indifferent; and the *centre of attraction* for *every body*; worthy, worthless, or inconsiderable. It is certainly *not* the centre of *gravity*, though dulness is conspicuous enough; nor is it, positively, the region of *taste*, though it is the court of fashion. London is a convenient place for all ranks and conditions; those who have large fortunes may spend them; those who have small ones extend them; and those who have broken ones mend them; those who have none may get credit; and those who can’t get credit may sponge upon courtesy.

Those who will work can eat ; and those who will not, may *impose* upon charity ; and those who had rather *starve* than exert themselves any way, *may* ; nobody will hinder them ; for London is the region of liberty ; where every one does as he pleases ; please or displease who it may.

Here many people's carriages roll upon other people's wheels : many dress themselves in other people's clothes : and more plume themselves with the feathers out of other people's caps. London is the best place in the world for a poor gentleman ; he may visit, without the expense of being visited ; know every body, without being known ; see, without being seen ; and hear—though, perhaps, without being heard in turn ; unless he commence reformer, in *any* way, immaterial *how* ; then, every body will hear him, satisfied that he is right ; whether they do or do not understand him, or he understand him.

self, *n'importe*, as the French say. A fashionable exterior, and a complaisant manner, make you company for every body ; for nobody (so long as you trouble nobody,) knows who, or what you are ; and nobody cares, whether you live in a square or an alley ; in a house of your own, or a garret belonging to somebody else ; whether you buy your beef by the stone, or your bacon by the rasher : burn wax *fours*, or *eighteens*, tallow ; only keep your own counsel, and never plead poverty ; which is the *only* crime here ; and which, though it be *sometimes* pitied, is never pardoned. If you be wise, people will wonder at you : if you be not, *look* wise, and they will wonder the more.

Notoriety is the “ universal passion,” here : hence, he who aspires to be eminent, must become notorious : *how* is of no consequence ; as long as you acquire popularity in some manner ; and the sooner you acquire it, the *better* ;

as you are sure not to keep it long ; but still, when you have lost your position, you can make yourself conspicuous by driving others from theirs ; only do something to be talked about.

In London, as to company, there are three degrees of comparison—*Good*, *BETTER*, *BEST*. *Good* company consists of fine jolly fellows ; devilish clever fellows ; monstrous hearty fellows ; and the best fellows in the world. *Better* company is not *quite* so *good*—isn't it odd ? The *Best* company is the *worst*—to describe ; being the most incongruous and incomprehensible. It is found at church, for form's sake ; at court, for fashion's sake ; at places of public amusement, for exhibition's sake ; and at watering-places, for idleness's sake : I shall not recommend it for example's sake : but dismiss it—“ for *pity's* sake ? ”—don't be scandalous ; that is so prevalent a propensity all over the kingdom, I need

not remark that it is a London propensity.

There is another class of company, which you may call *extra-best* (as tradesmen do in their descriptive bills); it is composed from all ranks and conditions, though its numbers are not *incalculable*. Most people *claim* to be members of it; the qualifications for it are piety, virtue, and good sense.

THE MOTHER CHURCH is an excellent parent, with undutiful children: the *chapels* are her relations; and, *consequently*, take great liberties with her: and, while they are free, won't let her be easy. THE PALACE, HOUSE OF PEERS, and COMMONS' HOUSE, form a *triangle*: may no fashionable innovations—*improvements*—beg pardon—alter their *equilateral* position.

THE COURTS OF LAW any body may get in: and of the COURT OF EQUITY few can get out: the BANK will set a man on

his legs; and the HERALD'S COLLEGE supply him with arms. The COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS is a *grave* society: and APOTHECARIES' HALL a manufactory of *stuff*: the OPERA HOUSE is an Italian warehouse: the THEATRES ROYAL, manufactories of *puffs*: and the MINOR THEATRES *major* concerns. EXETER 'CHANGE exhibits lions and tigers: and the STOCK EXCHANGE bulls and bears.

In London, money commands, and *interest* counsels: *wisdom* preaches; *wit* rallies; *egotism* rails; and *fashion* laughs; while *knavery* thrives, and *honesty*——“*starves?*” — not always—*roguery* gets his deserts *sometimes*, and *honesty* *his* very often. Much is said of the *Vox Populi*, which is *rather* out of tune; but, as Latin is not the *vulgar* tongue, this term is confounded with the *Fœx Populi*, which is, properly speaking, an impost, chargeable on the *sewers' rate*.

In London every body minds the business of every body else, in preference

to their own: consequently nobody's business goes right.

So much for London, at present: as we proceed reader, I shall, with your permission, elucidate my subjects by occasional, trifling, extracts from this *elaborate* and erudite work.

CHAP. XVI.



EXCLUSIVELY of writing my description of London, I wrote to my father, concerning Fubbs; and had a serious conversation with Tunzey and Skein, upon the same subject: I also contemplated an expedient to convey a letter to Violetta; in effecting which design I conceived Fubbs would be an eligible and able assistant; then, I altered my mind; considering that, as no positive declaration had taken place on my part: nor any particular encouragement been given me on hers, I was not justified in interfering with her father's arrangements for her future establishment; and again,

if ever she had felt affection for me, the splendid alliance offered her might have altered her mind, and a letter from me might be returned; I therefore determined, as all *wise* children should—if their parents be reasonable, sensible, and affectionate—to open my mind to my mother; and ask her opinion, and advice. I wrote, and in a few days received the following answer from her:

“ MY DEAR BOY :

I thought it my duty, and for your interest, upon so serious an occasion, to show your letter to your father; who is a *true* father, and considers the happiness of his children in the way a *christian* father should. He, as well as myself, has an high opinion of Violetta; but he thinks, *with me*, that you are both too young to judge of what is most essential to your happiness; and that precipitancy, therefore, at all times to be condemned, cannot in your case

be too much reprobated ; he is highly pleased at your filial confidence in your parents ; desires me to thank you for it ; and bids me say, that, as no actual explanation has taken place between you and Violetta, you would not be justified in commencing a clandestine correspondence with her, were she inclined to encourage it ; particularly when her father, who is the natural judge of what is best for his child's welfare, has set his heart upon her union with Sir Lionel Lovel ; who is openly received as her suitor. Violetta we seldom see ; and when we do, she appears reserved and unhappy. Wait, my dear boy, the event of time, and the operations of Providence ; and do not, by any inconsiderate action, plunge, probably, her as well as yourself into a dilemma, which may make you both miserable for life. Your father bids me say, also, that he will attend to Fubbs's case. Poor man, we always respected him ;

his *first* falling off originated in his strong attachment to toddy, his pertinacity about the ancients, and his fondness for playing tricks. Accept, my dear boy, our joint love and blessing, with regards to the Tunzeys and Skeins, and believe me ever

Your affectionate, and

proud mother,

JANE MERRYWHISTLE."

Notwithstanding I could not allow either of us to be too young to judge for ourselves in *such matters*, I felt convinced that this was just advice ; but it did not please me, as nothing does which accords not with our inclinations. Yet, I could not reconcile my mind to disobeying it ; and therefore, with a deep sigh, I locked the letter in my desk ; and resolved to wait the event of time and circumstance, with as much patience as I could, which said patience

was like the *truth* in newspaper puffs—*not much*—

“Newspaper’ puffs,” (*said I in my description of London,*) “are literary legerdemain tricks—you as much wonder, at his commencement, *what* the conjuror is going to perform, as you do, at the conclusion, at *how* he could contrive to bring his design so adroitly about. A paragraph, commencing with an aphorism from *Bacon*, concludes with a reference to where you may buy the best *ham*: and “Lord Chesterfield’s Advice to his Son” is identified with the advice of a *quack*: *Frederick the Great* is made to recommend *Russia oil*; and *Doctor Johnson* a new *method of waltzing*! and, though incongruity is so glaringly connected with them, so adroitly are some of them constructed that you are led insensibly on, till, when you expect to arrive at a pertinent point, you are stopt by an *impertinent* pun. But my readers must have had too much

experience to be imposed upon in future by such insidious methods; and when they meet with a paragraph commencing with "*Charles of Sweden, when among the Turks, &c.,*" or, some such specious bait, not to turn away from it as abruptly as we will now turn from the subject wholly, with a simple "*Caveat Emptor,*" or, let all concerned be upon their guard.

Tunzey proposed to try his interest among his great friends to get Fubbs a place—a *place*—"When I give away a place," said Louis XIV., "I make hundreds discontented and one ungrateful;" and certainly an accurate observation of human nature will prove the truth of this remark,—"'tis true, 'tis pity! pity 'tis, 'tis true!"—*places* are the universal *desiderata*; and there is no place more *profitable* than *Ave-Maria Lane*, where you may be gratified by purchasing from G. and W. B. Whittaker the extraordinary new publication—Isn't it odd?

Caroline, when she came home, appeared in very good spirits, and Goldworthy was a constant visiter; her behaviour to him was not *very* flattering; but sufficiently so as to give him some reason to suppose his assiduities were not considered impertinent. To do him justice, he appeared to seek her for herself alone; proposed a very handsome settlement, and the match seemed to be entirely settled, with the exception of fixing the wedding-day.

Welford was gone into the country upon some business for Skein, and I was glad of it; as I could not be questioned upon the unpleasant subject of Caroline's behaviour. I was politely reserved to her myself, at which she seemed not in the least astonished; but imputing it, no doubt, to the real motive, behaved just in the same manner to me.

One evening I walked out to indulge

in reflections upon “ the vanity of human wishes,” when, to make an inquiry, I knocked at the door of a decent house, a short way out of town, which was decorated by a board inscribed—

A Day School for Young
Gentlemen, and an Evening
School for Young *Ladies*.

By *Erasmus Fubbs*.

Isn't it odd ?

In short, reader, my father and Tunzey had supplied him with temporary loans, which I knew they would not be precipitate in recalling ; and these, with the addition of the twenty pounds I had given him, had enabled him to furnish the house in question, in a plain manner, and he had opened a school ; Tunzey, Skein, Welford and I, having exerted ourselves in recommending him ;

and procuring him scholars enough to start with ; and he was *grateful*—isn't it odd ? —Yet, is there more gratitude in the world than we are willing to allow—said *I in my description of London*:—but our demands upon those from whom it is due, are so enormous that human capability cannot always satisfy them ; and we are apt, sometimes, to connect with gratitude, servility ; and a complete resignation of the will of another to our own ; and how *ungrateful* is he who disappoints us ! Fubbs was grateful ; and proved it by making proper use of the assistance afforded him ; and mentioning his opinions when in opposition to ours with the honest frankness of a man, who thinks too highly of the character of his benefactor to suppose him accessible by adulation. “ Fubbs,” said I, “ will you go a fishing ? ” “ With all my heart,” said Fubbs, “ but not in my *best* wig, I warrant you ; ” so changing his wig, and getting his rods, away we

marched. On our road we were attracted by a horse, in a curricie, being restive, which ended, just as we reached it, by the curricie being overturned, and the gentleman, and his servant, (as Fubbs called it,) *made free of the road*. The servant jumped up, but the gentleman did not; so Fubbs and I raised him; he was a little stunned, but soon came too.

“ Glad you’re safe, Sir,” said Fubbs, “ O—h !” said—*Sir Lionel* ! in his usual drawling tone, and vacant manner;—“ *Fine*,” thought I; when he caught my countenance. “ I know you somewhere,” said he,—“ Very possibly,” said I,—“ O—h !” said he: he sat down upon the bank, and Fubbs assisted the servant in *putting things to rights*. “ The curricie’s *dished*,” said *Sir Lionel*, and then continued with, “ Old gentleman, (to *Fubbs*,) where can we get a chaise?” —“ Don’t know, *young gentleman*,” said Fubbs, —“ O—h !” said *Sir Lionel*. “ Lead the cattle on, Tom,” continued he

to his servant, "and send me a chaise from the first place you come to; I shall stop here till you return, for I'm *queer* in the *off* leg." The servant bowed, proceeded with the shattered vehicle and horses; and we sat down by Sir Lionel; with whom I determined to get into conversation. "I've been thinking who you are," said he to me.—"I wonder you don't recollect," said I,—"*O—h!*" said he, "*Fine!*" said I.—"I know you now," said he—"You're the surveyor's clerk; I was in *prime* order that evening; but I like you because you had *pluck* about you;—" "*O—h!*" said I.—"You're *queer*," said he,—"A surveyor's not a *very* vulgar thing; and if you was the surveyor, instead of his clerk, I think I might venture to have a pop at you, for there's something like *gig* about you,—" "I am a *gentleman's* son, Sir Lionel," said I,—"And a gentleman too," said Fubbs;—"A gentleman surveyor's son, I suppose," said Sir

Lionel,—“ No, *Mister*,” said Fubbs angrily, “ he’s the only son of Marmaduke Merrywhistle, Esq., of ——” “ O—h!” said the baronet,—“ I dined with him t’other day; he talked about the *Moderns*, and drank like an *Ancient*;—it’s lucky—there’s my card.” “ Sir Lionel,” said I—“ let me first ask you the question, where did you dine with my father?” “ At his neighbour Valentine’s; whom I suppose you know.” “ He has a beautiful daughter,” said Fubbs. “ O—h!” said Sir Lionel, “ yes, she has good points; she’ll make a *row* when she *comes out*”—“ You have pretensions to her?” said I.—“ Do *you* dispute them?” said he,—“ I have the honour to know Miss Valentine,” I replied, “ and have from infancy been honoured with her acquaintance; and I shall not stand by, and hear her talked of with so little delicacy,”—“ O—h!” drawled he, and then asked if *I* had any pretensions. I replied, “ I should not *presume*”—“ I

should think not," said he, interrupting me. "Sir," said I, *your* presumption, in interrupting me, is only equalled by—"Your impertinence," said he, "in wanting all the *prate* to yourself—your card."—"I carry no cards," said I, "you know who I am, and—there," writing my address on the back of a letter; and tossing it at him. "O—h!" said he, putting it in his pocket; and his servant coming up with a chaise, assisted him in, and they drove off.

"If I understand this right," said Fubbs, "we shall have a duel."—"I suppose so," said I,—"It gets late," said Fubbs, "we had better not begin fishing to-night." I agreed with him, for I was not much in the humour;—a duel was a thing serious enough of itself; the reflection that it might come to my father's ears, who never would allow that any circumstances whatever justified a duel; also, that fighting about Violetta would, if it came to her father's

knowledge, (and no doubt Sir Lionel would spread it, if he gained the advantage, for his own credit,) make public the secret my father and mother had enjoined me to keep; and the consequences to Violetta it was impossible to foresee; then her delicacy could not bear the idea of public notice, though even when the case would redound to her honour.—I went home quite out of spirits, and wished for Welford's return.

“ *Duelling, (I said, in my description of London,) is as fashionable here as in France. It is prohibited by law: declaimed against by moral writers; made necessary by the code of honour; and stands in complete opposition to the religion of the country—yes, duelling is the fashion. Law has loop-holes; moral writers are considered heavy writers, but have no weight except what is imputed to their writings. The code of honour, which allows you to do any thing with impunity but leave a gam-*

bling debt unpaid, or refuse a challenge, is imperative ; and the law of religion is only considered binding on Sundays ; and no further then, but as it obliges us to shut up our shops, and go to church—the first of which obligations would be as much infringed as the second, did not the law of the land fix the bar on the shutters. The query is, may a real Christian fight a duel ? the answer is *no*—may a *man of honour* ? he *must*.—*Query*—Is a mere man of honour then a Christian ?—what a question !”

I had written this, and yet I had signified myself ready to accept a challenge ; yet, if I refused it, I should be debarred entering a certain part of society.—*Query* ? Was it worth entering ? Would Violetta think the better of me ? No—I knew she would not. Would the most estimable part of society think the better of me ?—No, I knew they would not. If I fell who would be benefited ? Nobody. Who would be agonized ?—

All who were dear to me. If my antagonist fell what should I gain?—Nothing. Not *Violetta*?—No, I knew her opinion upon the subject; she was not *too young* to be a Christian. What should I lose?—*Violetta*, and my peace of mind. Who would require “my brother’s blood, crying from the ground,” at my hand?—God.

False Honour connected himself with False Shame, and their issue was the first Duellist. Real Honour fell in love with Modesty, and the issue of their marriage was a Peace-maker.

I went to bed miserable, as does every man whose mind is at variance with his Maker; I condemned my rashness; I had temerity enough to brave the Deity, but not fortitude sufficient to obey him—Isn’t it odd?—I did not sleep that night; a gentleman had called on me, delivered a challenge—I had accepted it; and chosen Fubbs for my second, that no one else should be acquainted with it.

We were on the spot by five the next morning ; Sir Lionel and his friend were as punctual. I trembled at the name of coward ; yet I trembled not at the Divine anger.—I determined not to fire ; but received Sir Lionel's without returning it. "I have convinced you," said I, "Sir Lionel, that I can stand fire—I have risked my own life in obedience to the laws of honour ; I shall not put yours in jeopardy in obedience to the laws of God," and I fired in the air. "O—h !" said Sir Lionel.—"Are you satisfied ?" said I—"Inquire if my second is," said he—"Is it your intention, sir," said the second, "*again* to receive Sir Lionel's fire without returning it ?"—"*Yes, sir !*"—"You cannot so act in contempt of Sir Lionel ?"—"No, sir,"—"Sir Lionel," said he, "to fire again would, in my opinion, be inadmissible." "O—h !" said Sir Lionel ; bowed politely ; and, taking his friend by the arm, sauntered off to the carriage ;

while Fubbs and I, returning their salute, bustled over the fields to town, that I might get home at the same time I usually did after my morning walks. As I went along I reviewed my conduct; and my joy at my escape could not counteract my shame that I had—done wrong, reader—gloss it over as you please. Men will call me brave, said I—and honourable—but—I will never fight a duel again.

CHAP. XVII.



WHEN I got home I found the house in a bustle; Caroline was missing! her bed had not been slept in, but she had lain down upon it; her chamber-window, which looked into the garden, was open; all Goldworthy's presents were found in a packet on her table, with a letter to her father and mother, expressing "her aversion to Goldworthy, which, she said, they well knew; that life without happiness was a living death; and that desperation had occasioned her taking the step she had, as the only escape from a hateful wedding, so soon intended to be celebrated; and

to which she had never consented." Tunzey was quite subdued with sorrow. Mrs. Tunzey gave way to rage, which, exploding in words, prevented worse effects.

They both said (what I imagined, but said nothing,) that she was gone off with Welford. Tunzey and I posted off to Skein's, and found that Welford, who had arrived from the country at three in the morning, was fast asleep in bed—Isn't it odd? Tunzey was confounded by the circumstance; and the whole day was spent in fruitless conjectures, and as fruitless searches and inquiries. Tunzey sent an advertisement to the papers, relative to Caroline's elopement, with a description of her person, and a reward for her restoration; while a friend went the same morning, post after her to Gretna Green. The same evening I went to Skein's and met Welford; he seemed as ignorant of the matter as I did; and, also, extremely

affected; and shewed me a letter which had arrived from his father in his absence; which informed him, that he had made a matrimonial bargain for him with the daughter of a very rich farmer, an old school-fellow of his own; and desiring him, as soon as he could obtain leave, to go down to be introduced to his bride elect (whom he described as a paragon of *domestic* perfection), and to declare himself in form.—“ I know her,” said Bob, “ and I *cannot* marry her.”—Now the word *cannot* was (whether by accident or design it is impossible for me to say,) emphasized so strongly, and enunciated with so peculiar a tone, that, I candidly confess, I thought he *was* married; yet I could not reconcile the notion with present appearances; and I did not conceive myself entitled to press him farther on such a subject, if his friendship did not induce him to put sufficient confidence in me, for him to acknowledge it. Tunzey had, certainly,

put the *question* to him, and his answer was (to *me*) equivocal. “ Sir, when appearances *against* me are sufficient to justify suspicion, I shall answer such a question as you have put; but, as they are not, I do not acknowledge your claim to put it; you forbade me your house; I owe you no satisfaction; and I will not suffer my conduct to be impeached;”—and he turned away—isn't it odd?

The next morning when Tunzey was looking over the newspaper, to discover his advertisement, he stopped short—stared at me—and cried, “ So, so, so, how long have you been a 'squire?” I stared in return; and he put the paper into my hand, referring to a paragraph which ran thus—

“ Yesterday morning, at five o'clock, an affair of honour took place in —— fields, between Sir L—n—l L—v—l and M. M—r—yw—s—le, Esq., jun. A young lady in ——shire is said to have been the

cause of the quarrel—it terminated honourably and happily.”

I coloured—’twas in vain to deny it—and I expressed myself much mortified at the exposure.

“ You’ve been a fool once,” said he, “ be so no more—what honour is there in a parcel of hot-brained fellows shooting at each other ; without considering whose hearts they may wring, or whose reputations they expose ? Fathers and mothers, sir, *have* feelings (he appeared much agitated here), but those children who wantonly agitate them have none : and he who supposes he proves his love for a young and delicate female, by exposing her to the scandalous gossiping of sour old maids and sneering demi-reps ; to the impertinent curiosity of shameless rakes, and senseless coxcombs ; may talk about the passion ; but far from feeling it, he never knew what it meant.” Then he walked out of the office, without making one *culinary*

simile, whereby I knew he *felt* what he said—and *so—did—I*.

My duel was the subject in our circle for *nine days*, and was then forgotten.

Every wonder in London, (*said I in my description*,) lasts nine days: and *nine* appears to be a kind of cabalistic number, in which much virtue is centred.

There are nine worthies—not worthy of *exact* imitation. There are nine *muses* for the poets: nine *lives*, as well as nine *tails*, for a cat: nine *peas in a shell*, for a sweetheart: nine *pins* for idlers; nine *elms* for a rural retreat: and nine *tailors* for a man. Then squinting people are said to look *nine ways* for Sunday. “that must be at the seven dials,” said Mr. Tirlogh O’Rourke: and as he will shortly commence an active part in these memoirs, allow me to finish his *life*—I mean his biography.

We left off at the adoption of O’Rourke by O’Shaugnessy—and, now to account for it, I will copy from his manuscript,

I should have before observed that the *vulgar Irish idioms* in O'Rourke's memoirs were used by himself in the MS., and he frequently affected them in jocular conversation.

“ I was playing by the door-way of the mud cabin, when Mr. Thady O' Shaughnessy was passing by, with his fine gold-headed cane in his hand to assist his dignity ; he dropped it, and the pig, with his usual politeness, was beginning to pick his teeth with it, when, “ behave yourself,” said I, “ and *lave* the gentleman's cane to walk on quietly, without your interference, and bad manners to you : ” but the *crater* didn't understand that so well as he did the *taste* of a thump I gave him with the best end of a broomstick : when he resigned the cane, and I handed it to Mr. O'Shaughnessy, who seemed mightily *plased* with the bow I made him, and said, “ Who's child are you, you little spalpeen ? ” “ Nobody's, an plase your honour,” said

I, “ I havn’t had father or mother to my back since they died, saving the parish nurse, and she’s rather shy of the provender.” He was delighted with my *swate* simplicity, and *bewitching* archness, and *axed* me “ would I be his boy ? ” “ You may say that, your honour,” said I—(by *rason* that every body knew the heart of O’Shaughnessy.) No sooner said than done—he settled the affair with the parish, and I became a *moveable* of his own mansion, which was the family one : and of which one *wing* had taken its flight : and the other had been plucked of its feathers :—yet the body was left a fixture, and there was a sound *heart* in it—and I became a *liver* in it too—if I may be so wicked as to pun. He dressed me as *nate* as a shamrock, and sent me to school. I took my *larning* surprisingly ; but no wonder ; I’d been so used to see my nurse *take* every thing that came in her way, I couldn’t help copying her in some respect ; but the

every thing she took was *only* in the *drinkable* and *digestible* way: and Mr. O'Grady, my schoolmaster said I *digested* *larning* as an ostrich did linch pins, and that I'd come to be a domine—I came to be a *drummer*!—by *reason* that I 'listed; and I'll tell you why—I lived merrily enough, so long as Thady lived; which was five years, and then the *wake* was made for him: he left me all he had, and he couldn't *lave* more—or *less*; for when his funeral was paid, and the *sticks* sold by virtue of an execution in the house when he died; and his aunt Biddy's legacy had gone to somebody else; there was just as much *remain* for me, as enabled me to walk into the wide world, not as naked as I was born, but as pennyless. I offered to teach the younger twigs in O'Grady's school the junior branches of *larning*: he was *agraable*, I was always *agraable*, and so it was a bargain. I fagged hard, fared hard, and slept hard,—and hard enough it was to

get through. One day I heard a drum and fife beating a tatoo: I was always fond of music and ran out—and *in* too; for I ran out to a listing party, and into a trap they set for me,—they wanted drummer boys—I wanted every thing but hard work: the blood of my father was in me, and my heart panted for glory. I *bate* a march, and went off with them to the East Indies, among the Pundits and palanquins; but as I wasn't the one, and had no call to the other, I *bate* roll-calls, and reveilles, tatoos, marches and—*another drummer-boy*; and I got more than a bone to my back fort hat: but, to make me amends, the drum-major found I could write, and what was better, that he could *rade* my writing; which was more than every body could say of his own, and so he made me his secretary; and I got such reputation for writing, that I wrote letters for all the company who couldn't, to their fathers, and mothers, and wives, and sweethearts in

England, and Ireland, and—any where else ; till at last I got to be secretary to the captain—*unbraced* the drum, and *em*-braced the lucky opportunity. The captain was very kind to me ; and I wouldn't be behindhand with any body. I served him faithfully, and nursed him in his last illness, which was a mortal wound he got in an engagement. I made his will for him, crying all the time—and *most* when I wrote in my *own* name for a legacy ; I couldn't afford to lose him—nor could the army ; but—they fired over his grave !—and cried over it too—for he was a good soldier, a good man, and a good christian—and what epitaph can say more ? I had saved money enough to buy my discharge : I did buy it : and went back to dear Ireland—O, the darling ! O'Grady was dead, nurse was dead ; every body I respected was dead *except*—no matter who—I 'll die myself one day, thought I. I was never idle, and so began trading in a small way, in

pigs and other cattle ; I ‘ carried my pigs to a good market ; ’ and never made a bull with my cows. I married, by *rason* that Norah O’Grady, the school-master’s daughter never would let me alone when I was her father’s usher: and took on so when I went away, it had nearly taken her off; I often wrote to her—how could I help it? I visited her when I came back—she was *own* maid to a lady, who had no other maid but herself, saving the footboy. “ Norah, said I, “ did you think you ’d lost me ? ” She *looked* at me—may be you don’t know how ; and its impossible to tell you. I soon made her her own mistress. Mr. and Mrs. O’Rourke began to be people of consideration. Fortune smiled upon us : and more than fortune—two beautiful babes, as like me as they could stare : and as like Norah as they could behave—and she was *behaviour* itself, you may say that. We came over to England, and I turned wine-merchant :

by rason, I suppose, of the early knowledge I got in *whiskey* laving a smack of the brogue upon me. Whiskey bothered my nurse : wine bothered *me* : and left me upon the *lees*; for I became a bankrupt! and Norah—Oh! Norah!—*I never pass a certain church-yard* without a sigh! I became a *widow* with two children: and they now sleep with all their fathers, but me—sweet must their sleep be! for Norah was an angel: and they were her counterparts; they 're all angels now, but myself—I'm a stock-broker; and how came I to be one? My friend Tunzey held out the hand of friendship to me, when every body else put theirs in their pockets; and—kept them there. I was sure there was Irish blood in his veins; and discovered that his wife's grandmother was an Irishman—don't start, I meant grandfather: but the *ould* gentleman was quite an old woman when he died. Tunzey put me on my legs, till I went alone; my friend

Skein's law, which he somehow contrives to practise by the gospel, set my matters on a proper footing; and between the two, from not having a leg to stand on, little grief would come to him who could get into my shoes—long be the time first! stocks are at *par* at present: and I hope I'm in the *long* annuities. From that time to this, Tunzey Skein, and I, have been both all three intimate friends and sworn brothers.

I'm now a bachelor at large: and should I ever take my degrees, shall be a bachelor of *law*, for——"

He had left the *MS.* imperfect: but there is "more than meets the eye" in a *dash*. "In London," (*said I, in my description,*) a *dash* means—"but every body knows what a dash is in London: though every body may not suspect that O'Rourke's dash meant he was then paying his addresses to Miss Esther Skein: the result of which shall be disclosed at a convenient season.

CHAP. XVIII.



I ACQUAINTED my readers that Tunzey despatched a friend to Gretna Green, supposing Caroline had proceeded thither—he returned, without tidings: but I made a discovery, which proved, what I have often since proved, that nothing is more erroneous than the conjectures of prejudice; such as were mine in regard to the fragment of Caroline's letter, (which I mentioned in a former part of this history,) the real character of which I ascertained, through the maid-servant accidentally finding another fragment of the writing behind

the chimney board in Caroline's room ; which, with the dust, she brought down into the kitchen, where I happened to be : the hand-writing caught my eye : I secured it, and compared it with the one in my possession : they fitted exactly, and read thus—

I scarce know what to determine ; but it is useless to perplex your mind so : we must decide, for the wishes of my parents grow imperious ; let me know what you will think of doing — I affect to be capricious, to excuse my procrastinating the day, to them—but—

here it was deficient.

From the purport of this letter, I could not but suspect that Welford was not so ignorant of her flight as he pretended to be ; but, as he was so reserved, and it was an unpleasant subject, I determined to be as silent upon it as himself. The circumstance of the

duel paragraph chagrined me as much as how to account for its appearing in the paper perplexed me—I could only impute it to Sir Lionel's vanity—*vanity*—one of the most mischievous torments of the human race ; as well as one of the most contemptible.

I received a letter from my father ; the paragraph had found its way into the *country* papers : and had been read by all the neighbourhood : my father was very angry : Valentine both proud of, and vexed at it.—Violetta—not a word was said about her. My father's letter was in the same spirit as Tunzey's observation upon the circumstance—“ I'd give the world,” said I, “ to know what were Violetta's feelings.”—“ I'd *give the world,*” and *not for worlds,*” (said I in my description,) are favourite phrases in London, where hyperbole is the predominant—and mean just as much as, “ *yours, faithfully,*” at the con-

clusion of most letters ; or, the modesty of a parliamentary candidate's address ; or " all articles sold at this shop, warranted,"—" Neat as imported,"—" Genuine *home brewed* beer," &c. &c. &c. &c.

Welford received another summons to the country ; and obeyed it : and during his absence, I met, at a coffee-house, one morning, Goldworthy : he was very shy at first, but we soon fell into conversation. He inquired very earnestly whether Tunzey had heard any thing of Caroline : and declared, ill as he conceived himself to have been treated, he would do any thing in his power for her happiness ; for he had really loved her.—“ I may appear a coxcomb, Mr. Merry-whistle,” said he, “ but a man's heart must not be judged by his dress : I am no changeling in principle, and I trust my principles are correct. I would last week have *given the world* for Caroline : now, much as I loved her, *worlds* would not induce me to marry her, if I could

have her: and *that* your own honour and sense of delicacy, must incline you readily to believe: but, if I can be of any service to the family and to her, by assisting in an endeavour to discover her, they may command my services: for her happiness is very dear to me, I assure you: and I *will* prove her sincere friend when, where, and however, I *can*, or am allowed to be."

"*I will*,"—how confidently a man worth 100,000*l.* speaks—isn't it odd?

While we were talking, *O'Rourke*, who was Goldworthy's broker, joined us. The price of the day on the Stock Exchange, naturally, became the topic of conversation: and the comparative characters of specie and paper currency a subject of discussion.

Goldworthy held that a Bank of England note, since an Act of Parliament had made it a legal tender, which could not be refused, possessed, intrinsically, the same value as coin.

O'Rourke said, "Paper was only *promise*; while specie was *payment*; a promise *made* might be broken; but a payment *made* couldn't be broken; unless it was made in two *halves*: "Cash," said I, "is *substance*; credit is *sound*."—

Says *Credit* to *Cash*, "I your equal am found,"

Says *Cash*, "I'm the *fiddle*, you're only the *sound*."

"But," says *Credit*, "the sound the essential must be,"

Replied *Cash*, "after all 'tis mere *fiddle-de-dee*."

I left Goldworthy and O'Rourke in the *stocks*—settling bargains for *time*; and happy will it be if all *bargains* of *time* stand good in *eternity*. On my return home I found a letter from Wel-ford;—he had been introduced to his *bride elect*, but he did not say much about her; leaving the whole account till he met me:—*Violetta*, he said, it was generally believed, was to be married in a short time: he had seen *Sir Lionel* (who did not seem *very* much pleased with meeting him,) at a country assembly.

Violetta, and her father and mother were there; and Violetta danced with Sir Lionel ;” a suffocating sensation seized me at this information—perhaps it was the *rising of the lights*—yet the prospect before me was dark—perhaps, at that instant, my truant heart, returning, flew *in* at my mouth, and going down my throat in a hurry, went the wrong way. Welford said, he had been very particular in his inquiries, and he had learned that, at the *same* assembly Violetta first met Sir Lionel ; at the *same* assembly they first danced together ; at the *same* assembly she captivated him ; and now, at the *same* assembly, she danced with him again. “ Yet—(I exclaimed mentally,) he was never whipped for her : he never encountered a mad bull for her : he never fell out of the window for her :”—I was in a passion again, and in a pet (all know what lovers’ pets are,)—went to my cabinet—took out the *pieces of*

glass I had treasured so long, and which her lips—those false lips—no, no—no, not false; for she never *said* any thing flattering to *me*—except *that* GOOD NIGHT! when we walked home together—but then she was almost a child—yet she twined the violet with the primrose, and wore them in her bosom *after* that; and her *eyes*—yes—*they* flattered me: they *assured* me; they—deceived me—I dashed the pieces of glass on the floor; stamped on them; and then threw them out of the window. It was childish: but the lover who never played the fool, never loved—at least, so ardently as I did—perhaps, love so ardent is folly—extremes are all folly. I returned to the letter—Welford said, the duel made a great noise; and that Violetta had been very indignant about it: her father seemed to pride himself upon it; as it gave his daughter great consequence among most people, and made her envied by many—

but—(added he,)—" I could plainly see, *pitied* by *some*; and those the very people whose esteem was to her the most valuable." *My* father had been *extremely* uneasy about it; and there had been a coolness between him and Valentine in consequence of it; while my mother was upon terms of mere politeness with Violetta. "Violetta (continued he) seems to act under restraint: I cannot say her heart is *not* in this marriage; but, if it *is*, I don't envy the man who is to be the master of it; nor is the marriage yet *positively* fixed: it had been fixed and was off again, in consequence of Violetta having been taken ill. Old nurse Sheepshanks (who is very hearty, old as she is, and is become quite necessary to your mother,) whispered me that, "*she knew something; what she dared not say*: but, she had not been a nurse so many years not to know when people were *really* ill."—Hope returned to me—I ran into the garden,

and seeing three or four pieces of glass lying, caught them up, and kissed them over and over again—carried them up into my chamber; laid them before me on the table, and, O, with what rapture I gazed on them—*she* had *kissed* them—*when*, heaven knows, for on joining, and looking intently at them, I found written on them, with a diamond, E. Fubbs! recollected that Fubbs, one day, had cut his name on the office window, (which looked into the garden,) when trying if a small stone, in a ring, was a diamond; that the said window had been broken, and mended two days previous; and those pieces of glass had been scattered, and left by the glazier: I recollected, also, that I had thrown the pieces of glass out of the front window, into the street; whereas, in my confusion of delight, when seeking to recover them, I had rushed through the first door I came to, which was a back one, and opened into the garden: this

was all amazingly silly, you will say, reader, but what follies do not enthusiasts commit? I was so delighted at the idea of Violetta's shamming ill to avoid the wedding, I imparted the whole to Fubbs; and told him the ludicrous story of the broken glass; which not only excited his mirth very strongly, but occasioned my eliciting a secret from him, which he inadvertently betrayed, viz., that *he* sent the paragraph concerning the duel to a Sunday paper, which he knew was read in the village where Violetta resided; and from that paper it was transferred into the town papers. His zeal for me had occasioned this: he conceived that a knowledge of my having fought Sir Lionel, for her, coming to the ears of Violetta, would advance my interest with her, and lead to results the most favourable to my wishes; and the exposition of it in town did not enter into his mind; if it had, probably,

it would not have prevented the act, so determined was he that Violetta, and all the village, should know it.

I remonstrated with him on the folly of the act.—“Nonsense,” said he, “it has effected what I wanted, and that’s enough—*Letty* knew you loved her before you left her; the duel proves *how* you have loved her *after*; and her shamming ill ought to prove to you that—we *ancients* are paramount to you *moderns* in tactics at all times.” I really began to be a little of his opinion, and forgave the act for the sake of the *supposed* effect. I re-perused Welford’s letter: and found a postscript that I had overlooked, in which he informed me that, “he had taken care to whisper Sir Lionel’s conduct at the theatre through the assembly-room; in consequence of which, before the evening was over, the baronet did not appear to attract so much respect and curiosity as he did at its commencement. I forgot

to say that I went into the street, when I discovered my mistake about the glass; but the fragments of the *real* pane were all—all gone!—it can't be odd.

But my joy at the circumstances related in Welford's letter, was checked by the reflection that, the marriage was only postponed, not broken off; and that, I was not *certain* I possessed an interest in her heart.—“Interest,” (*said I, in my description of London,*) is the grand impulse of action, and its characters are multifarious, and nefarious. Simple interest; compound interest; and usurious interest—which latter is, properly, *simple* interest, for none but *simpletons* will give it—yes, the necessitous—and he who thus imposes upon necessity, may assure himself he has but little interest where he ought to have most. Interest governs all—great, middling, and little; indeed, *little* men are great calculators of interest.” “What interest,” said I, “is equal to an interest

in Violetta's heart?" yet my interest there was equivocal; like an interest in the funds, which, fluctuating with every rumour, is like a nervous pulse, varying with every change of the atmosphere.

"An interest in the heart of a virtuous, lovely woman, is worth all the stock in the alley,"—said O'Rourke.

"*Women?*" said Tunzey, "Women are venison and sweet sauce, ha—ah!—but—*girls*—girls are—that *lamb's* tainted, Mistress Tunzey, and I had set my heart on *that* lamb—bah!" But let me now advert to *other* lovers.

O'Rourke had made formal proposals to Miss Skein, who actually began to be tired of the title *Miss*, when,—though

"Time *hadn't* thinned *her* flowing hair,"

He had *tarnished* it a little; and she, having found her brother easy to please, began to think *another* might be equally so; and, O'Rourke being goodnature

and pleasantry identified, she took him fairly at his word—"Will I be married to you?" said he—"Won't you?" said she. The knot was tied; and, if not, what young folks call a *true lover's knot*, it was a knot tied by reason, and tightened by friendship; "which is more frequently a *gordian* knot, than the other," said Skein.—I thought no knot like *the other*, but I suppose, I was *too young* (as my mother said) to decide.

The day being fixed for the wedding, it was settled to keep it at Richmond, in a pleasant, private, manner; the company were,—Skein, to give the lady away; Tunzey and I, bridesmen; Mrs. Tunzey and a cousin of Miss Skein's, bridesmaids; with Fubbs as Hymen, to lead the way. I haven't mentioned the bride and bridegroom, because any of my readers would lay ten to one they were there; nor Welford, because he being out of town, I lay twenty to one he was not there.

The day came—the ceremony took place ; and, after that, we mounted our vehicles, and spanked off for the Star and Garter at Richmond. The Star being allusive to the *shine* we cut, and the Garter to *throwing the stocking*. “ *Lard bless me,*” once said Nurse Sheepshanks, “ all the good old customs are done away: there’s no such thing at a wedding now as posset and throwing the stocking.”—“ Pish !” said my father ; “ shut the door.”

Tunzey’s incessant *ha-ahs!* of pleasure testified the sumptuous character of our dinner. Jokes upon the bride and bridegroom were cracked as pleasantly as bottles to their health. Laughter was the order of the day ; and as puns raise that oftener than wit, we had more wit than to neglect them. I remarked that “ the wedding ring was a *ring-fence* for happiness.” O’Rourke said, “ he had been at *ring’s-end* once :” (alluding to a place in Ireland and the

death of his first wife: and if the *point* of his joke required explanation, he only stood in the same predicament with many who make more pretensions to wit—and are allowed them).

Skein said, “ he had been at *Grave’s End* on the same errand.” Tunzey said, “ his *turtle* was left.”—Fubbs observed, “ He had learnt the lesson of matrimony; but having long lost the book, for which he had a great regard, he could never be induced to venture a new edition,”—Was it one of the *ancients*?” said I—“ No,” said he, “ a *modern*: and that accounts for a *short life*.” Tunzey toasted “ *The Bride and Bridegroom*” with—a *speech*—as follows:

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ I rise, not like the price of provisions, to appal you: but like a *beautiful* edifice—(he *looked, in figure and proportion, like the Mansion House*)—a *beautiful* edifice to delight you—I have partaken

of the good things—ha-ah!—provided from the *larder of law* (looking at Skein) and the buttery of brokerage—(looking at O'Rourke)—in gratitude for which I must perform a duty—like a grace after dinner; and I trust with more sincerity than *most* graces are said: which duty I rise to perform; like an architectural column raised for the commemoration of a happy alliance. I drink the health of the new-married couple: may their days be the season of marrow and fatness: may their horn—” “Dont be after blowing your *horn here*,” said O'Rourke.

“The horn of plenty—” continued Tunzey, “may it be exalted in their habitation: and may young O'Rourke's abound like a brood of *chickens*, ha-ah!” “*Heaven forbid!*” spontaneously exclaimed Mrs. O'Rourke.”—The toast was drank with nine huzzas; Tunzey sat down, and O'Rourke rose.

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,

“ The head of an Irishman is always bothered by the bumping of his heart, when he pledges Friendship at the call of Gratitude. The *beautiful* edifice that arose just now like a *grace*, or rather a *grampus*, has drank marrow and fatness, in a bumper of as neat cordial-ity, as ever was tipped over the tongue of Friendship's toast-master:—but when he henpecks us with his chickens, would he make a poultry-shop of us? and then blowing his horn is as like bad news as stocks falling.—Mrs. O'Rourke and myself, however, impute it to his ignorance—of every feeling that is in discordance with benevolence and good nature.—Having got thus far without a bull, and determined to shew you that an Irishman can go through a speech without one, I return you our united thanks; simple, but sincere: and wish you all long life; and, through it, may the sun

of joy shine upon you by day, and be the moonlight of repose to you by night."—The festivities of the day over, we returned to town.

CHAP. XIX.

WELFORD, two days after this wedding arrived in town from his visit to his native place ; where, my readers may recollect, he went to be introduced to his bride elect.

I asked him, if his marriage was agreed upon ?—He said, “ not *exactly*.”—Had he proposed in form ?—*No*, but his father had.”—Had he protested against that proposal ?—“ Not *exactly*.”—Had he at all countenanced it ? “ Not *exactly*.”—What *had* he done ?—I couldn't discover *exactly*—is n't it odd ?—I pressed him no more—there's no getting at the milk of the cocoa-nut till you have perforated the shell ;—he was impervious.

—About Violetta I heard more : as *my* happiness was at stake there, he was communicative enough. He told me that, “ the impression made upon Violetta by his representation of the character of Sir Lionel made her dislike him more than before.” “ She had then a previous dislike to him?” I inquired. “ Nurse Sheepshanks said so,” he replied. “ Was she good authority?” I asked.—He rejoined, “ As good authority as could be procured, when Violetta was not only incommunicative, but reserved.” I wished for better authority. “ I procured,” said he, “ a *primrose* and a *violet*. I twined them together when at the ball; and, at a moment when she was sitting by herself, I dropped them, unobserved by every one, in her lap, while her head was averted: and I withdrew to where I could observe, unnoticed by her. Upon seeing them she started, and hastily concealed them: yet appeared to be fainting; the assiduities of

the company prevented it—but she availed herself of the plea of indisposition to dance no more. Once, while Sir Lionel was dancing with another partner, I observed her steal the flowers from their concealment; gaze earnestly on them; and—I thought she sighed.—At this moment our eyes met: she blushed very deeply: the flowers disappeared: she soon left the ball-room, and I never saw her, but at a distance, during the remainder of my stay.

“She loves me!” cried I. I was enraptured.

“Don’t be too sure,” said he,—I was agonized.—“There is *hope*,” continued he,—I was tranquillized,—“but not *certainty*,” concluded he,—I was cauterized; at least, I felt something at my heart like a red-hot iron. “Wait with patience,” was his advice—patience!—my mother said that; but she was not in love;—Welford was; yet how could I tell that—he *had* been; but Caroline

was gone—if he were not privy to her absence, doubt must have diminished his affection, through the mystery attached to her departure; and if they were married—impossible it should be so—I began to suspect my friend of dissingenuousness; it mortified me. I disclosed my mind to Fubbs, one day.—“ I’ll draw him out,” said Fubbs.

“ *Drawing out*,” said I, in my description, “ is an art practised not only in London, but everywhere else: and means, getting at people’s secrets, or their money; maugre their shutting their mouths, or buttoning up their pockets: sometimes the operator acts like a *filch*, and sometimes like a *cork-screw*. The opposition strive to *draw out* the ministry: knaves draw out fools; and the cunning the careless. Some when endeavouring to *draw out*, get drawn in; so professors of this art should be perfect before they practise.”

O’Rourke having to make a country excursion, upon business, asked me to

accompany him; and as Tunzey agreed to my absence a short time, I consented. We travelled in his gig; crammed with boxes, into the bargain, like the judge's chariot—would you like to hear that story? it was one of Nurse Sheepshanks's,—may be, she put it in rhyme, too.

There was a judge at *nisi-prius*,
Who ne'er from common sense felt bias,
 Nisi, law cause could shew :

For law, some say, I know not whence,
Can rule or o'er-rule common sense,
 As equity can shew.

To justice's complete content,
This learned judge the circuit went,
 To *non-suit* captious strife.

Judges, for state, *alone* should ride,
Yet, since but *one* are spouse and bride,
 He oft-times took his wife.

It chanc'd my lady—not that she
Was weakly prone to vanity—
 She lov'd, as ladies do,

Smartness: but all for purpose wise,
Lovely to look in Hubby's eyes—
 As, lady, practise you.

Hence in the chariot would be plac'd
Band-boxes, fill'd with gear of taste,
Till almost smother'd, he
Cried "Madam, such things might be put
In private, *coram nobis* ; but
Non coram judice."

"To pack them in the trunk behind,"
Said she, "destruction they would find,
They're *caps*."—"What then?" quo' he.
No *rule of court* can *practice* shew,
That judges, who on circuit go,
Should go thus *cap-a-pied*.

One time, though she for leave applied,
He vow'd no box with him should ride,
Though many a plea she found.
Resolv'd no longer to be fool'd,
He every point and plea *o'errul'd*,
And *turn'd my lady round*.

They rode along, with little chat ;
She, fretting, *he*, revolving, sat ;
When, in a corner, lo !
Against a *box*, while stretching out
His legs, to ease some twinge of gout,
His lordship kick'd his toe.

"What's this?" he cried, and looking down,
He saw a band-box ;—(from the town

They sought, 'twas miles a score);
“ *Hah ! hah !* cried he, the window dropp'd,
We'll clear the court,” and out he popp'd
The *box*, and said no more.

While nothing said his lady gay ;
(She thought 'twas little use to say);
Which caus'd him some surprise.
At length the carriage set them down,
By sound of trumpet, in the town
Where held was the assize.

The judge, as he to church must go,
Put on his scarlet, *comme il faut* ;
And look'd importance big.
“ Humphrey,” said he, “ 'tis getting late ;
We mustn't make the parson wait—
Run, Humphrey, fetch my wig.”

Then Humphrey, like true serving man,
That instant for the *jasey* ran ;
But fortune deals in sport :
Mov'd ev'ry package small and big,
Non est inventus was the wig,
In full *contempt of court*.

“ A horse ! a horse !” cried *Richard rex*—
“ A wig ! a wig !” the judge : “ 'twould vex
A saint, this law's delay,”
When Humphrey cried—(a comic prig)—

“ Without a *rule* your worship's wig
Has *travers'd* Term to-day.”

“ Not find my wig?” the judge, and star'd;
Foam'd at the mouth, his eye-balls glar'd;
When in came *sword* and *mace*.

“ Wil't please your *lordship* to proceed?
All 's ready now, and we will lead,
As is our proper place.”

“ Proceed?” then he, “ I cannot budge;
Without a wig what is a judge?

My wig! my wig!” he cries;
And cried his wife, with glad retort,
“ Why, when your *ludship* clear'd the court,
You clear'd the wig likewise.”

The judge, *nonsuited*, said—but what
He said *deponent knoweth not*:

And what he *did*'s not certain.
But *mace* to budge deem'd this his *cue*,
And *sword*, to *shield* himself, withdrew,
And Humphrey drew—the curtain.

Isn't it odd?

But the tale is *said* to be founded in
fact. In my *description* I wrote—

“ In London they *say*—*anything*—
and do anything—*anything* comes up;

anything goes down: people run after *anything*—and after all there's *nothing* in anything they say, do, or run after, but—killing time."

O'Rourke and I jogged on very pleasantly: and there is more real happiness found in jogging on through life, than restless enthusiasm ever finds in all its galloppings, and flights: it is the pace of temperance, and with temperance the virtues travel. The tortoise reached the goal before the hare, who scudded, and frisked, and doubled, and turned, and—lost the race.

We jogged on very pleasantly: the country looked beautiful: the verdure was fresh as the face of cheerfulness: the inartificial blossoms of nature embroidered the emerald carpets: the smoke curling up from among the thickets, like the careless indicator of comfort, inviting the traveller to the social scene. The birds around us were pouring forth the mingled melodies of joy: the brooks murmuring praise; and

the silently-winding stream, lacing the meadow with its liquid silver, unostentatiously transfused freshness and fertility ; while the tall trees, waving their full-crowned heads, with clustering grandeur, formed the *acme* to such a climax of magnificence, that the heart which could not expand to awful admiration at the scene, must have been incapable of any sensation like real joy ; and unsusceptible of anything like rational happiness.—Dare I so soon again trespass in rhyme ?—but my mind was rapt, my heart was full ; and I wrote—

A HYMN.

To a christian reader it needs no apology ; to an anti-christian one I will make none : to the mere critic I would say, look to the intention, and if it be common sense, dictated by common gratitude, it will be received where criticism itself may, perhaps, have something to fear.

HYMN.

I.

In early morn my God I trace,
When ev'ry herb and flower,
Adorn'd with freshness, fragrance, grace,
In blooming owns his power.

II.

And flocks and herds, by instinct led
On healthful herbs to graze,
Obedient follow, and are fed ;
And, by obedience praise.

III.

And birds pour out a grateful theme,
A tribute to his name :
And bubbling rills praise whisp'ring seem,
Which rushing falls proclaim.

IV.

While man goes forth to till the earth ;
And, smiling views the scene :
His happy smiles are holy mirth,
And glad Eucharists mean.

V.

At soft-eyed eve my God I see,
When all invites repose :
As watchman beetle warns the bee
His daily toil to close.

VI.

And flowers shut up, and songsters cease;
While flocks do ruminatè:
And man ensùres domestic peace,
Where love and comfort wait.

VII.

And there's a pleasing stillness round;
Joy in mute rapture stays—
“Expressive silence” oft to sound
Is paramount in praise.

VIII.

And when the moon, with silver sheen,
Rides through the azure height,
O! here again my God is seen,
Beaming soft grace o'er night.

IX.

And then, the dulcet nightingale
Laments, the bard maintains:
No, 'tis sweet meditation's tale
She pours along the plains.

X.

And now, man breathes, with grateful themes,
The universal pray'r:
Then lull'd in sleep sees Heaven in dreams;
For, still my God is there.

We drove down a most lovely valley, just as the moon, majestic eye of night, shed a sweet influence over the humble scene—but, *why* humble? Could the most splendid drawing-room of the proudest mansion present to the reflective mind a scene half so beautiful: half so sweet; half so gratifying as this lovely vale, “redolent of grace,” and exquisite in freshness?—in the *first*, satiety palls; here satisfaction reposed: in that *ennui* pines; in *this*, happiness inhaled health.

What tiara looks so sparkling as yon bunch of blossoms gemmed with dew, spangled by the moon-beams? what carpet so beautiful or so grateful, as the flower-embroidered verdure beneath our feet? what canopy like the azure vault which arches over our heads, studded with the flaming diamonds, topazes, sapphires, and rubies of the empyrean treasury?—“Nature

will prevail"—Art must "hide her diminished head."

"Is Terence in the way?" said O'Rourke. "Yes, sir," said a beautiful girl about seventeen or eighteen—and she called Terence, by the title of "*father*."—Terence came—"All's right, sir," said he; "and what'll I do with the horse and *shay*?" "Drive it to the inn," said O'Rourke.—We got out; Terence got in; drove off: and we entered the cottage; which, I discovered, was larger than its exterior promised. It was substantially furnished: that is, with oaken chairs and tables.

"A varnished clock that clicked behind the door;" two or three good cupboards: well stocked; a brick floor, with a large matted covering: a good-sized fire-place—with a cheerful blaze; for the evenings were cool: and—I found we were expected—a cloth as "*white as a curd*," was spread on a large round table,

and furnished with something better than cottage fare; a large pitcher of ale; and mugs to drink it from. A good-looking woman about forty (the wife of Terence) received us, as the mistress of a house should, with nothing but smiles; O'Rourke shook her heartily by the hand; and I found they were old acquaintance. "Come, Marmaduke," said he, "take that arm-chair aside the fire;" while he seated himself in the other, and said to the woman, "Now, Judy, you *cratur*, fill us a mug of ale a-piece, to *wash the ride out of our mouths*."—"Sure, and I won't be long about it," said Judy: the mug was at my mouth in a minute: and the ale disappeared in a twinkling. "Fait, and you were dry indeed, sir," said Judy, "try again."—"Again and again," said O'Rourke, "but first for some supper—are the beds aired?"—"Sure and they are," said Judy—"is it Judy O'Shaughnessy would put Mr. O'Rourke into a

damp bed, without it was aired?"—I wondered at his sending the gig away : and wondered how beds could be found here, when I saw no convenience for so many sleeping : though the place *was* larger than it promised—but as I heard the beds were aired, I naturally concluded that there were beds to air : so I sat down, without asking questions, to an excellent supper ; and, being very hungry, ate very heartily. After supper we plied the ale—sitting in a semicircle—round the fire—that delight to a pleasant being. O'Rourke and I sat next to the fire, each at an extremity ; Mrs. O'Shaugnessy (the *name* gave me suspicions) next to O'Rourke ; Terence had returned of course, or it could not have happened that he sat next to me : and the rosy *Kathleen* sat in the centre. I don't know that we were as *merry as grigs*, because I never could ascertain whether grigs are merry or no—but we were as merry as good fare, good

humour, and good company, could make any reasonable set of people. We sung songs round, and drank round, till O'Rourke fell fast asleep—in the middle of a pretty Irish ballad Kathleen was singing, most sweetly and pathetically—and her father observing O'Rourke nodding gave her an expressive look—she stopped short.—“ What a pity,” said I, “ let her go on.”—“ Go on, sir,” said Terence, “ and wake Mr. O'Rourke?—arra! she'd never forgive herself”—and they all three looked at O'Rourke, and watched him, with such honest benignity, that I could not but enjoy, without interrupting, the silence that reigned: and my *suspensions* increased. At length O'Rourke waked, shook himself, and said, “ I forgot where I was; but I don't forget where I must be: so, Terence, get your *castor*, lad, and we'll be off.”—“ I'll do it in the motion, sir,” said Terence: and went for his hat.—“ Terence and I,” said O'Rourke, “ have

a little business to settle a short distance from here: and if I don't do it to-night it will break in upon our pleasure to-morrow: besides, my limbs are cramped with riding all day, and a walk before bed-time will make me sleep the sounder—so you'll excuse me for half an hour."

I offered to accompany him; but putting his hands on my shoulders, as I was rising, he forced me back into my chair, and said, "Stay where you are; we don't want you, and an Irish ditty from Kathleen will be pleasanter than wading through the dirty lane we are going to." To have persisted would have been impertinent, and I loved Irish ditties:—"and Kathleen's company?"—be *asey*, now. They went, and after Kathleen had, *by her mother's desire*, sung another song; her mother said she'd "go and put all straight," and left Kathleen and me together.—I wish it was Violetta," thought I; I soon found

Kathleen much more sensible than I expected ; and discovered that she had a pretty library of select books, and such as I should have supposed above her comprehension ; and, moreover, the *gift of Mr. O'Rourke* : and I found also that there were *more gifts* from Mr. O'Rourke in the cottage, than the library, —I couldn't *help* having suspicions—Kathleen was a very pretty, nay, lovely girl ; and actually reminded me of Violetta—pray, don't have *your* suspicions, Sir, or Ma'am, or Miss—she was—in short, just the sort of girl that makes the inside of a cottage preferable to the inside of an imperial palace, without such a one ; we talked very familiarly, for she was innocence and *naïveté* itself ; polished life had not given her mistrust ; nor dogmatic trammels formality ; neither had cottage rearing given her rusticity ; nor an humble sphere of life servile timidity — she was what the best women are, modest without bash-

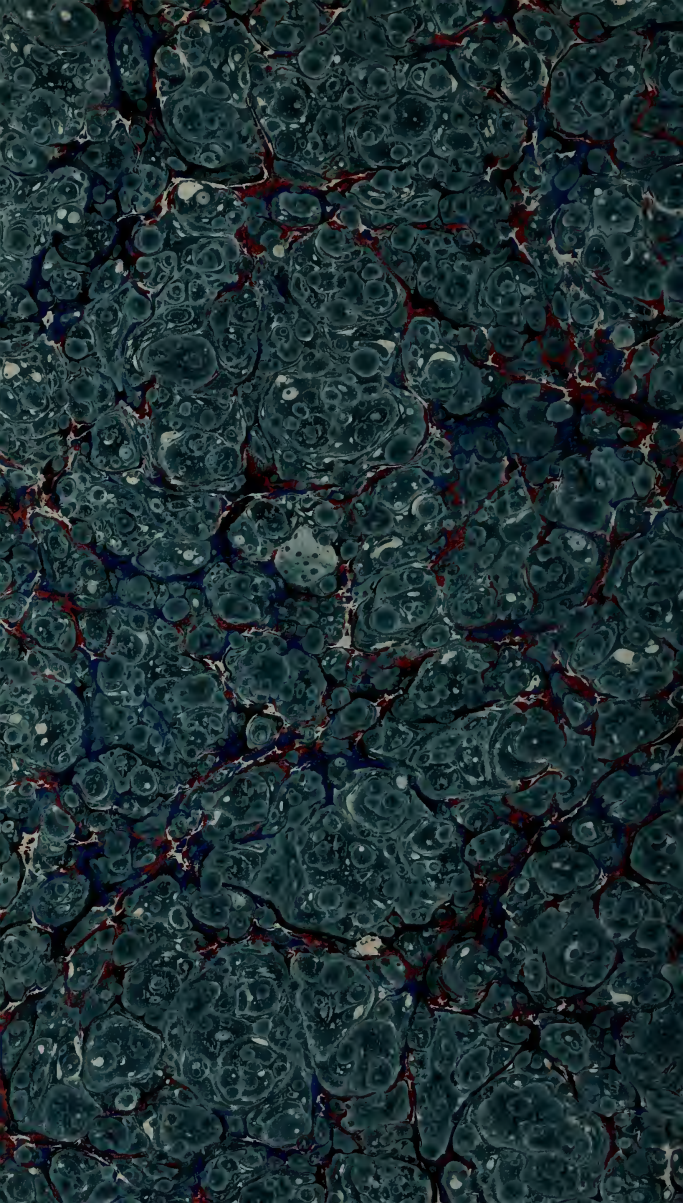
fulness; delicate without affectation; and conscious of the dignity of her sex, whilst totally devoid of its pride. “ *Pride? pride? who expects pride—ay, or dignity—in a cottager?* ” I neither expected the one nor the other, but was agreeably disappointed in discovering the latter of them, isn't it odd? Our conversation was long, and grew very interesting—“ *Indeed? where was her mother?* ” not in the sitting room, I assure you; and the time passed so sweetly — ay, *sweetly*; don't look so wise—I didn't want Mrs. O'Shaughnessy to interrupt us. “ *You didn't? suppose Violetta had been in a corner, and listened?* ” She would have been as well pleased as I was.—“ *And, pray, what did you talk about?* ” “ In London, (wrote I in my description) curiosity is—*anything* but courteous; and assumption—anything but candid. Do you suppose I should tell you all that I said to a pretty girl like Kathleen, in such a situ-

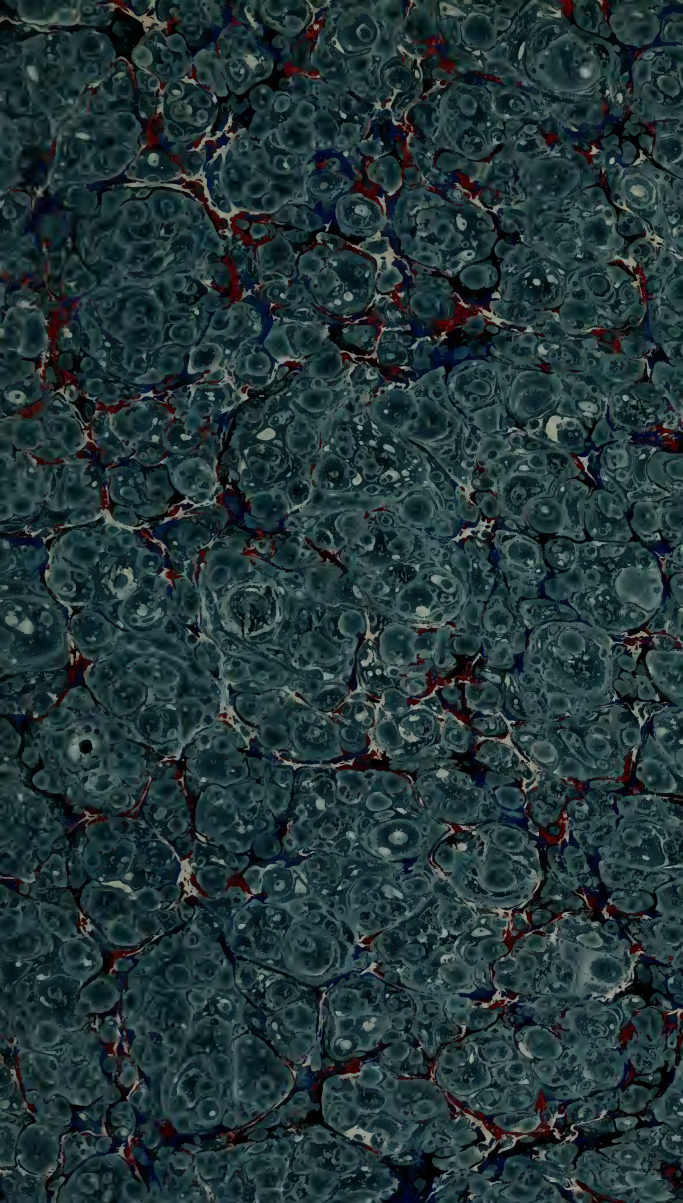
ation? not that I need blush for it, so soften that sardonic grin—no—he who who could have said to such a girl as Kathleen any thing he or she should have blushed *at*, and *for*, must have been too mean to have apprehended dignity; too brutish to have appreciated delicacy, and too depraved to have found a charm in modesty. What we talked about you shall know, but the proper time is not yet arrived: and—hist!—here comes Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. “ I ’ve looked at the beds, Kathleen; they ’re as swate as a whisp of hay, and as dry as a bone, so they are—they ’re soft beds, sir, and you ’ll sleep sound as the parson’s horse on a Sunday night.” “ And why the *parson’s* horse?” said I. “ Sure sir,” said she, “ our parson’s horse does a whole week’s work in that one day, in respect of three *sarmons* he preaches, and the miles he goes.”—Now whether she meant that the horse or his rider preached is not quite

apparent from the construction, or *prosodial arrangement*, as Fubbs would say, of her speech; but as my own grandfather, Mr. Pulpithack, was similarly situated, and as I know *he* preached and not his horse, I naturally concluded in *this* case that the horse did only the locomotive part of the *work*. O'Rourke and Terence returned; and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, who left the room as they came in, returned, with another "*jorum of nappy*;" and I'll assure you the two travellers did justice to it; after which we went *ALL sober* to bed; and I—dreamt of Kathleen all night,—wasn't it odd?

END OF VOL. I.

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